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OCTOBER 29, 1976

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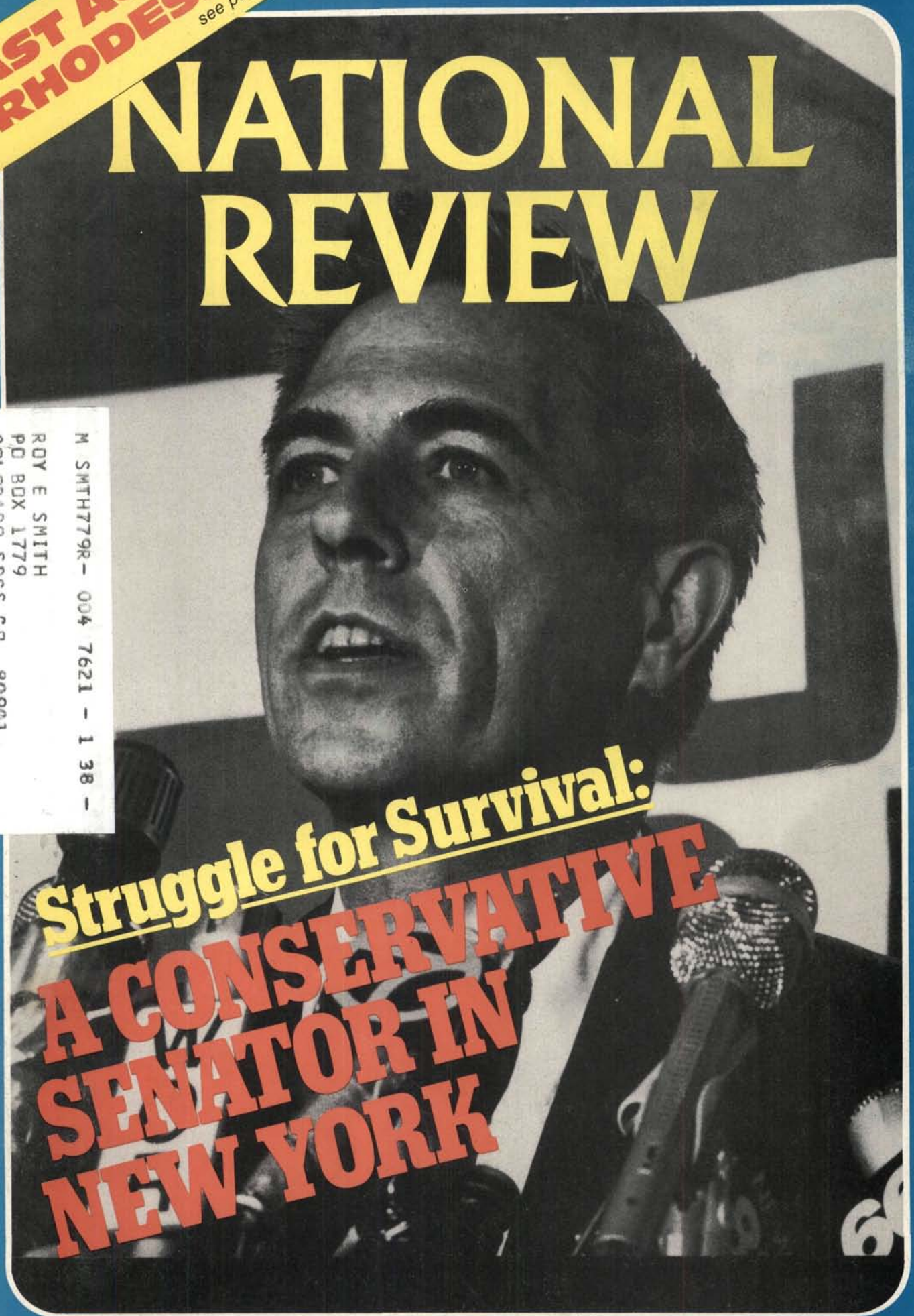
see page 1170

NATIONAL REVIEW



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Struggle for Survival:

A CONSERVATIVE SENATOR IN NEW YORK

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An American Portrait 2076.

Several months ago we started our Tricentennial Program by asking for your thoughts on life in America by the year 2076. Instead of a lot of ideas about space ships and robots of the future most of the more than 50,000 responses we've received have been about people's visions of our future as a nation.

The main point that came through, letter after letter, was that most people believe a lot of the things that made America what it is today will shape our future as well.

An overwhelming number of you—ninety-one percent—told us you want the family to remain our basic social unit.

Sixty-two percent feel the nation will be better off when there is no racial, sexual, or religious discrimination.

Seventy-three percent of you told us you expect a reaffirmation of religion and faith by the time of our Tricentennial.

There is a strong desire—almost two-thirds—for more individual participation in government through better communication.

Nearly three-quarters of you are in favor of a slower paced, more rural life.

What's better than statistics is the feeling that the majority of people believe that life in the future can be better than it is today. But we've always been like that. It's what's been called the American Dream.

You've shown us that the future of America lies not in the land or the technologies we master but in the hearts and minds of the people, our greatest resource.

We didn't intend to do a scientific survey but your responses show significant insight into the problems and opportunities that face our nation. We plan to make those thoughts available in a book reflecting many of the interesting letters we've received.

Please note that all ideas submitted shall become public property without compensation. Tricentennial P.O. Box 2076, Los Angeles, California 90053

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When was the last time you read something you couldn't wait to tell your friends?

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And then there are few things quite so satisfying as sharing that new insight with a friend.

That's the kind of experience The National Observer offers its readers with every weekly issue.

The National Observer goes behind the obvious headlines to dig out stories that make the world more interesting when you read them...and make *you* more interesting when you re-tell them.

Person-to-person journalism.

For instance, do your friends know that the Romans invented the frisbee? That we have *"two"* brains in our head? That tacos aren't just hot—they've also got the hottest sales?

And do they know about the controversial new gun that shoots "electric shocks"? And the "outdated" form of transportation that is coming back? And the place in America where voodoo is still practiced?

(The answers are: The taser. The blimp. And Oyo-Tunji, South Carolina—where it seems to *work!*)

The National Observer is written this way because we believe in the kind of journalism that says: "Talk to the reader one-to-one. Tell a story as if the reader were sitting next to you."

We bring you the out-of-the-ordinary.

When we report sports, we go beyond baseball, basketball and football...and tell about Shirley "Cha-Cha" Muldowney, the only woman ever licensed to race a top fuel dragster.

When we look at the world, we go beyond today's news to spot the trends that may make *tomorrow's* news...like how Italy's Reds (of all people!) are trying to make capitalism work.

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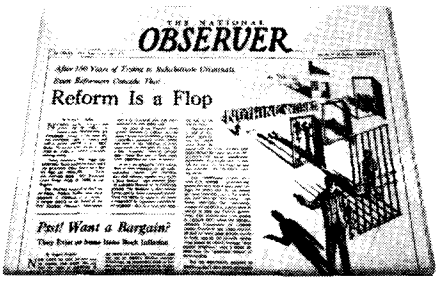
Regular sections with irregular news.

One nice thing about reading The National Observer week after week is our regular sections. But you can never count on what's going to be *in* them.

For instance, in the "Your Consuming Interests" section, we explored how conventional rubdowns survive despite the growth of sex parlors.

In our "Lively Landscape" section, you can read about the furor in Charleston, S.C. when the city council ordered horses to wear diapers.

You'll find surprises to share in every issue of The National Observer.



And our "Off-Hours" section reports on a lady welder who also finds time to paint, sculpt, write a novel and plant fruit trees.

We love a good zany story, like the one about the dog named Buckypoo who sings to piano.

We're full of new shopping buys, book and movie reviews, and "how-to's" on everything from better health to tomato jam.

And, in everything we do, we get our readers so *involved,* they write back.

Our "Letters to the Editor" section is one of our biggest—and liveliest. (We take it seriously. We once devoted the whole front page to reader gripes.)

And we even run reader plebiscites on major issues.

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1177 A Conservative Senator in New York, Jim Buckley faces an uphill fight to keep his Senate seat against the bid of flamboyant, charming Pat Moynihan, especially since both liberal and regular Dems are backing the challenger. Though Buckley might have been thought to prefer a race against Bella Abzug, he insists his differences with Moynihan are equally sharp. He has to prove it to the voters. *Patricia S. Coyne*

1181 **Wooing the Good Ole Boys** It looks close in Texas. Pried loose from the Democratic Party by George McGovern, the Lone Star State may be willing to settle for Carter this year. Unless the Republicans can give it a pretty good reason not to. *William Murchison*

1182 **Populist View on Opposing Carter** Beating McGovern was a cinch. Beating Carter will take brains. A few specific suggestions. *Robert W. Whitaker*

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1186 **Down the Delaware** How the teachers spent (part of) their summer vacation. *Karl Zimmermann*

1187 **The Liberal Artist at Leisure** A BA and a dime used to get you a cup of coffee. Now it takes a BA and a quarter. *Richard Bayan*

BOOKS

1188 A splendid account of Mussolini's career tells how he harnessed the chaos of Italy, and ultimately embarrassed Hitler. *Aram Bakshian Jr.*

1190 Two books about various Rockefellers raise the question why America doesn't have dynasties. *Francis Russell*

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1193 **The Right Books** Jimmy Carter has plugged a gap in our literature by writing his own life. *M. Stanton Evans*

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Cover photo by Jan Lucas

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NONE DARE CALL IT WITCHCRAFT

BUT IT'S A MOVEMENT THAT INVITES SATAN TO TAKE CONTROL OF OUR NATIONAL LIFE

While prim modern churchmen try to sweep the devil under a rug, unprecedented thousands of Americans are dabbling in the black arts. Bookstalls are crammed with occult literature, from astrology and ESP to magic and demonic possession. The flourishing Church of Satan lures wealthy Californians to its blasphemous rites.

What does it all mean? Has witchcraft, the curse of ancient peoples, come back to haunt us? Gary North, journalist and scholar, digs for the answers. Writing from an uncompromising Christian perspective, he explains how secular humanism—the worship of man—has unleashed on us the forces of irrationalism and the occult. With a sure step and a keen eye, he conducts us through a chamber of horrors, pointing out the awful price that men and women must pay when they strike a bargain with the powers of darkness.

This book is *not* designed for bedtime reading. It contains stories that will make your skin crawl. But Gary North has done more than spin hair-raising yarns. He maps out a strategy for throwing back our unseen foe, and for rebuilding a healthy society that refuses to court occult powers. Instead of preaching gloom and doom, Gary North gives us the intellectual tools to salvage our civilization "from the rot of humanism and the acids of occultism."

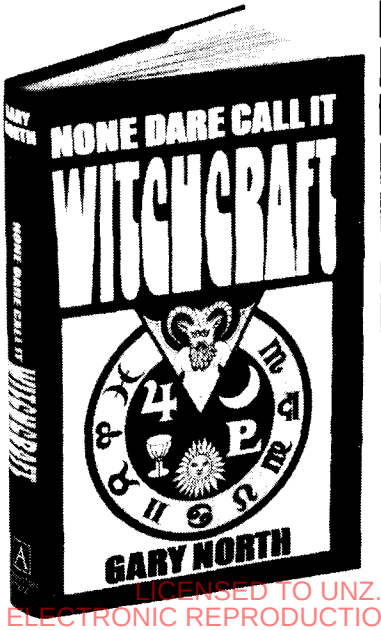
Eerie happenings that defy explanation

- An Englishwoman is paddling a rowboat with her husband and children. Suddenly she bursts into flames. In minutes she is reduced to ashes. Yet the boat and the other passengers remain unhurt.
- Witchdoctors in the Philippines make surgical incisions with their bare hands, using no instruments. These wounds don't even bleed.
- Russian peasants, blind from birth, are taught to "see" colors and even read pages from a book.
- An American psychic predicts in 1967 that a bridge over the Ohio River will collapse within sixty days. Thirty-seven days later the disaster occurs, killing a dozen people.

THEIR MOTIVE: POWER

"Anyone who pretends to be interested in magic or the occult for reasons other than gaining personal power is the worst kind of hypocrite."
—Anton Szandor LaVey, "black pope" of the Church of Satan

- The occult revival: "a throwback to the paganism of the pre-Christian world"
- Berkeley: pioneer in witchcraft
- Psychic experiments in the Soviet Union: what are the Communists looking for?
- How the U.S. Army tries to harness occult power
- The composer who wrote his greatest works in a hypnotic trance
- Acupuncture: a form of demonic healing?
- The Great Pyramid of Egypt: why it fascinates occultists
- Did you ever hear a plant talking?
- The ominous link between drugs and demonic possession
- Faith healers: "God is not . . . a package of instant healing mix"
- "Ghosts" that show up on photographic film
- Jeanne Dixon: is her "gift" really from God?
- The witchdoctor who stabbed his patients to find out what was wrong with them
- Edgar Cayce: "Yes, we can see the body"
- Why occultists favor world government



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Letters

South Africa

Laurence Salomon's "South Africa in Our Future" [Oct. 15] is unequivocally the best thing I've ever read on South Africa.

I have found it increasingly difficult to read about that country lately. The liberal press treats South African apartheid as if it were worse than Soviet and Maoist totalitarianism; the conservative press is all too often goaded by this into downplaying the injustices of apartheid—even sometimes, I greatly fear, into believing that apartheid is not all that unjust.

Mr. Salomon's article is both frightening and moving: "The great-grandparents of their great-grandparents are buried in that land, and their speech is heard nowhere else." But perhaps the highest praise I can give it is that I never felt—and all my antennae were out—that Mr. Salomon put anything in because he thought it was needed for "balance" or because, in Miles Copeland's phrase, he was "subscribing." Instead, his love for and annoyance with both the blacks and whites in South Africa was heartfelt: and, I came to believe as I read, justified.

Magnificent.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Conservatives, Post Convention

Although our hearts are breaking, I don't want that "light on the hill" to go out ["Will the Republicans Survive Kansas City?" by J. J. Kilpatrick, Sept. 17]. It is for that reason that I propose that the conservative and moderate Reagan supporters form a "Freedom Coalition." The Freedom Coalition would support individuals seeking public office who adhere to the ideals set forth by Governor Reagan. They would keep intact a campaign apparatus to raise funds and wage war on the bureaucracy and the liberals. I am not interested in a union of conservatives alone. They can't win elections because they don't want to face the facts. They are too interested in ideological purity. You can't apply your ideals until you win.

The labor unions have been supporting political action committees for years. If you doubt their success—look at how many liberals we have in Congress.

Governor Reagan is the perfect man to head the Freedom Coalition. He already has the campaign organization built up, outside of the Republican Party, that can be the nucleus of this group. What a heritage to leave the country—an organization that would put the country back on the path of free men seeking freedom through free enterprise. Please don't let the light on the hill go out. Please.

Holland, Mich. PAUL H. WALBRIDGE

As usual, congratulations on a fine issue. A double gold star to James Jackson Kilpatrick (does Chairman Bill really call him "Kilpo"?) for identifying precisely the nature of the shock following the Schweiker announcement. To us right-wing flakos (my nickname at my local pub) it was indeed a metamorphosis of Galahad to the still noble, but not pure, Lance. The second star goes for correctly placing the dream of the Independent Party in the frame of reality.

Shorewood, Wisc. STEVEN L. NEWTON

Contemplating the possibility, indeed probability, of Carter at the helm evokes such sheer horror that I am almost tempted to vote for Ford. Almost . . . except that Ford is the man who went to Vladivostok, as a result of which, especially considering all that the visit symbolized, we may lose our freedom; Ford is the man who went to Helsinki, as a result of which the enslaved populations of Eastern Europe shall assuredly not recover their freedom in the foreseeable future; and finally, Ford is the man who can look at the hand that *refused* to shake the hand of the man who shook the world. No, not even the specter of Wee Jimmy can overcome that: in imitation of Casca, I say, "Speak, hands, for me." Mine shall remain folded.

Salt Lake City, Utah NEIL G. BARCLAY

A Matter of Murder

I commend Joseph P. McGrath's long overdue "Case for Decriminalizing Murder" [Oct. 1]. He left out one point, however: that as long as we try to evade the fact that murders do occur, whether our →

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The most radical ideas are old ideas.

Isn't it odd that radicalism is generally considered to be a modern invention, when in fact the most radical ideas have been around for ages?

Take the idea of liberty. Throughout history, the majority of mankind has been oppressed, regulated, and in many cases enslaved. Yet almost always some radical individualist has proclaimed the revolutionary notion of freedom. We find evidence of this as far back as in the clay tablets of Sumer, or in the Bible.

Consider this, too: Political liberty as we know it is a comparatively recent development. From the Pharaohs to Attila to Brezhnev, this world has been a world dominated by tyrants and tyrannies. People who glorify and wield the power of the monster State. The true radicals are those who oppose this Leviathan in all its forms—not its apologists, not those who merely want to substitute one tyranny for another.

Radical proponents of liberty today may call themselves libertarians, conservatives, individualists, nineteenth century liberals—or (in the words of F. A. Hayek) "an unrepentant Old Whig." No matter what label they choose, a growing number of people from across the political spectrum are becoming interested in the literature of liberty.

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Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics* Fall 1976

1776 was a year of momentous events, including publication of *The Wealth of Nations*—the book that launched the movement for economic liberty. **Adam Smith: The Man and His Works,** by E. G. West, is a brisk look at the author of that epic, written for the layman and student.
Publication date: November
Book No. 1A, Hardcover, $6.95
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The Theory of Moral Sentiments, Adam Smith's first book, will startle those who think capitalists are purely selfish, for Smith fully understood that liberty must be based in a moral order. E. G. West writes the introduction to this beautiful new edition.
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They Preached Liberty is a timely anthology of Colonial wisdom about liberty, its blessings and its obligations, culled from thoughts of 18th-century New England ministers. Perfect for Bicentennial Christmas stockings! Rev. Frankin P. Cole provides an introductory essay and biographical sketches of the ministers quoted.
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Economic Calculation Under Inflation has provocative advice for businessmen, government officials and individual consumers on how to make economic decisions when economic information is seriously, and continually, distorted by inflation.
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Sir Henry Sumner Maine applied the findings of his seminal treatise, *Ancient Law,* to the subject of **Popular Government.** This edition includes his famous essay on "The Constitution of the United States," and an introduction by Professor George W. Carey of Georgetown University.
Publication date: November
Book No. 7A, Hardcover, $7.95
Book No. 7B, Paperback, $1.95

The Theory of Idle Resources, by W. H. Hutt, is a telling attack on Lord Keynes' concept of unemployment. First published in 1939, it is here revised and updated with a new introduction by the author.
Publication date: December
Book No. 8A, Hardcover, $8.95

¡Viva Vivas! proclaim the friends, colleagues and former students of philosopher Eliseo Vivas. Introduction by Henry Regnery, thoughtful essays by Hugh Kenner, Russell Kirk, Peter J. Stanlis, Stephen J. Tonsor and others.
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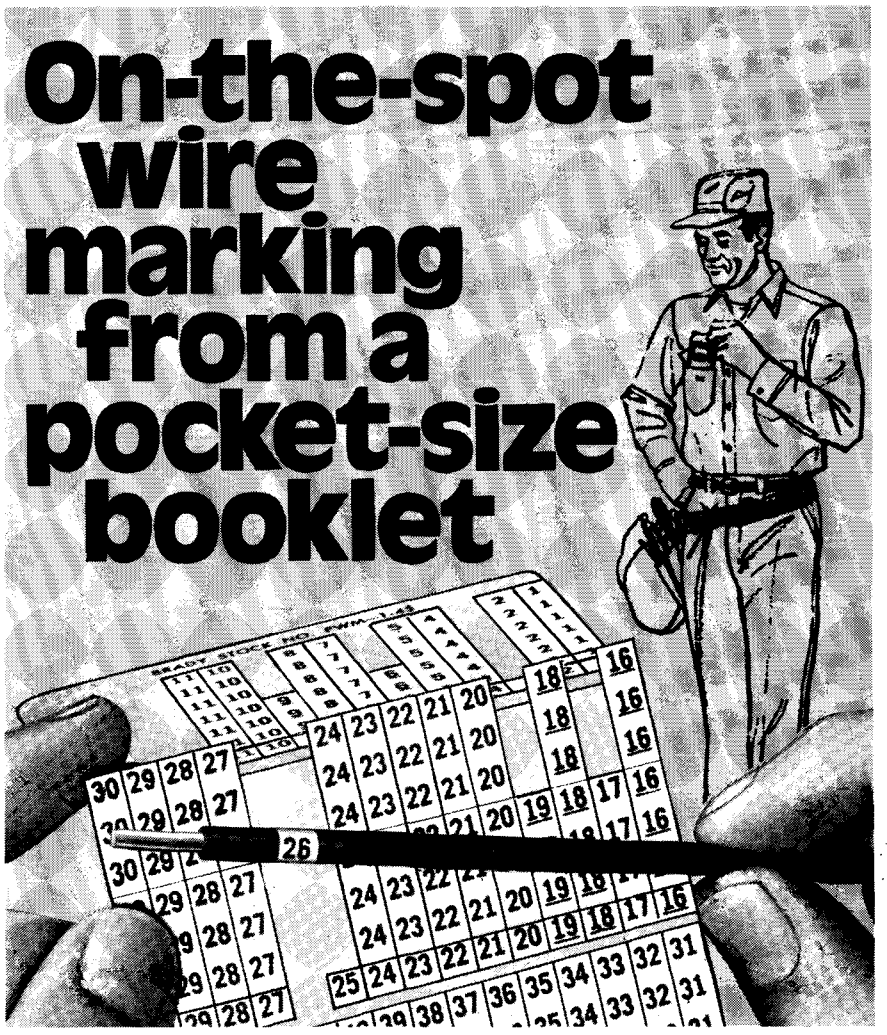

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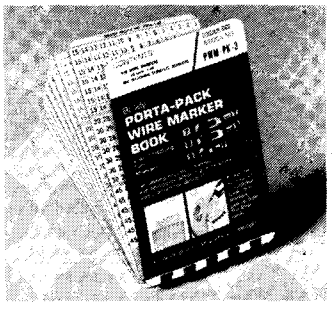

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private morals approve of them or not, it will be harder for the poor to get away with them than the rich. The rich can always hire a professional hit man to do the job cleanly and indetectibly: the poor have to do it themselves, and the result is often a messy butchery. On top of that, the rich man can get himself a lawyer (assuming he is even charged with the "crime") and perhaps beat the rap altogether; while the poor man will be forced into groveling plea-bargaining, with the result that he may wind up spending several months, or even years, in an overcrowded and unsanitary prison.

Kingston, N.J. M. J. SOBRAN JR.

"Decriminalizing Murder" is a magnificent article. Upon reading it, I immediately placed a long-distance call to Congressman Conklin, sponsor of the OACB, but was dismayed to learn (and I hope you look into this) that his enemies have already persuaded the House switchboard to claim ignorance of his name and office. This being the case, undoubtedly my letter of support, containing a large check toward his re-election expenses, will be returned. Certainly it is sad that a real reformer has such a difficult time being heard today. Your Mr. McGrath is to be congratulated for bringing the OACB and Mr. Conklin to our attention.

May I note, however, that you missed one of Mr. McGrath's chief accomplishments in the article's footnote: before becoming such a successful writer, he was showing great promise while training to observe Halley's Comet; he left that profession in order to have more time to himself. As to the subject of his article, I heartily endorse it and am preparing to take advantage of the OACB as soon as Congress passes and President Maddox signs it: I've made a little list . . .

Glassboro, N.J. RINEHART S. POTTS

We have looked into the matter of Congressman Conklin's disappearance, and learned to our dismay that one of his staff members, annoyed over a matter of promotion, took advantage of Mr. Conklin's own arguments in favor of the bill.—LB

On Charity

It appears that John Greenway is still making faces to keep off the spooks. Granted, Susan Sheehan's *A Welfare Mother* [Sept. 17] is a bizarre book; and she and Michael Harrington deserve cane-blows for implying that their appalling subject is somehow sympathetic.

But Greenway, predictably, grabs at the belief that she represents the average welfare recipient, in order to launch once more into his whooping Hymn to Social Darwinism. Thus we get: "Abortions . . . Subhuman monsters wallowing in dung and debauch . . ." to describe starving Indians. Charming. And thus: "The circumstances that produced the Santanas have driven Mankind down nature's hill ever

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since the Neanderthals began . . . preserving the unfit." Interesting to think what C. S. Lewis would have said about those lines, and about *NR* for printing them.

Which is my main point. If *NR* really believes in that religious concept of morality which it professes to extol, why does it continue to publish without a murmur a man who has been proclaiming "the reality of nihilism" in mountingly screechy tones since 1960? Is the Right really that badly in need of the Yahoos? I doubt it; and, God, I hope not.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT B. MOOMAW

Well, you've done it. Every issue of *NR* has something in it that manages to hit my funny bone ("The devil . . . prowde spirite . . . cannot endure to be mocked" —St. Thomas More.) But when I read in "Random Notes" [Aug. 20] the oleaginous critical comment ascribed to D. Keith Mano, Author, Christian, Publicist, concerning Rod McKuen's new book, I laughed so hard—indeed, so painfully—that I very nearly had to be rushed to the closest emergency room. Good show! What a pity McKuen wasn't around doing his thing in, say, 1937. He surely would have earned a whole chapter in Ezra Pound's *Guide to Kulchur*.

I only hope that DKM appreciated the joke as much as I did.

REV. DENNIS P. LYDEN

Bloomingdale, Ohio

Concerning your editorial "New York Senate Race" [July 9]: It is a man-hating editorial as it concerns Paul O'Dwyer, though I am sure Paul can defend himself. But calling the soldiers of the Irish Republican Army "thugs" is shocking.

England has occupied Ireland for over 800 years, using force, treachery, bribery, fragmentation, religious bigotry, and other foul means. She has no moral or legal right to Ireland now, never had, and never will have. After the 1916 revolution she murdered all the leaders except one who was American-born. Her government ministers in those days called them thugs and gunmen, as you called the present men of the IRA who are fighting for the same cause.

In the 1918 election, 85 per cent of the Irish people North and South voted for a complete break with England. That was her golden opportunity to lose a small part of her empire and gain a friend. Instead she waged a ferocious war with the scum of the British jails—Black and Tans, not regular soldiers—who shot to kill.

Should the six Northeast U.S. states be occupied by Russia, Germany, and France and the natives try to expel them, would you call them thugs?

Teaneck, N.J. THOMAS S. O'FLAHERTY

Bad Law

One gripe on Jack Chatfield's review [Aug. 3] of *Simple Justice*. He says: "To say that the Brown decision was 'bad law' is

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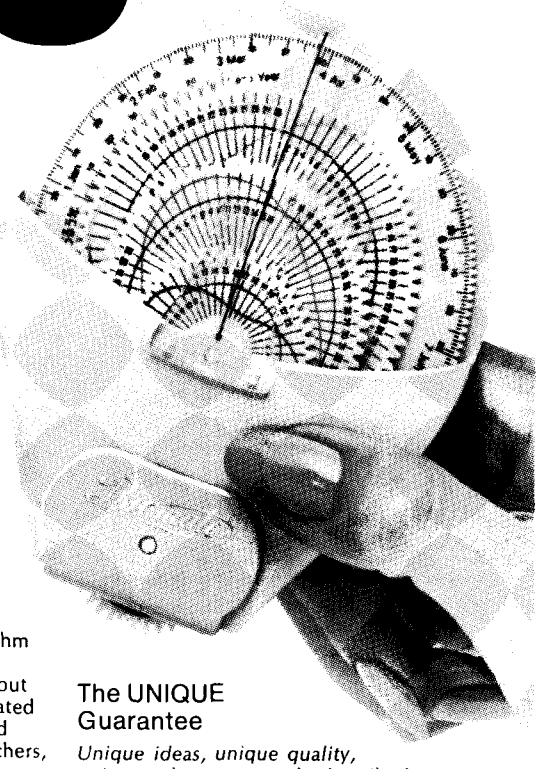

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to say that the Court should have instructed the plaintiffs to await a future turn of events . . . which, in fact, could not have occurred without the overthrow of legalized segregation."

What is "bad law"?

Well, it depends on what you think law is for. If it's to bring about "simple justice," i.e., equality, there's never been a "good law" yet. But if you think law is to enable us human beings, murderous and greedy little animals that we are, to live and work together in reasonable harmony —that kind of justice isn't the least bit simple.

Take one of the most successful examples, the U.S. Constitution.

It's full of mean little tricks people take advantage of. Like freedom of speech—pornography and all that. Or habeas corpus—rich guys with smart lawyers getting them out of jail. But you know, the damned thing works. As of now, we're about the longest-lived democracy in the world.

One of the factors that makes it work is the "constitutional guarantees." Because of them, we don't feel compelled to take all possible measures to protect our own interests, as a gang boss or a feudal lord has to do.

At least, that's how it was until Warren came along. Then . . .

It started with the *Brown* decision. The Constitution, alas, says nothing about segregated schools. But simple justice—equality—demanded inexorably that segregation be declared unconstitutional. So the Warren Court decided the matter, in accordance with simple justice. Naturally that didn't have much to do with the U.S. Constitution.

Which is unfortunate. It would have been better had the *Brown* decision come about say, as a constitutional amendment, thereby removing all reasonable question as to its legality.

As it is, it opened the way to an endless chain of Supreme Court decisions, on similarly trumped-up grounds.

For the moment, this fact is temporarily concealed by a historical accident, the temporary existence of a conservative majority on the Supreme Court. But when conservatives are no longer the majority, if the justices feel that the Constitution has been permitting a miscarriage of simple justice, Warren has shown them how to go around it.

That's my definition of "bad law," Mr. Chatfield.

Long Beach, Calif. ALFRED B. MASON

Honor Student

As a recent graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and one who watched the harassment of Professor Banfield closely, I was pleasantly surprised that the incident was noted and clearly comprehended somewhere. I wish to add that it was common knowledge that most of the small group of leftists involved in the Banfield incident were not students at Penn, but were outsiders.

Most Penn students were disgusted by the radicals' criminal actions, but what happened afterwards was merely disappointing. The radicals were barely confronted by the authorities, and, while most of us watched in disbelief, the leader of this leftist group gloated: she still received scholarship money.

Philadelphia, Pa. [NAME WITHHELD]

Kristol's Pistol

Re your delicious summary of Irving Kristol's piece on liberty and equality ["The Week," Oct. 15], so many thanks!

Irving Kristol
Points a pistol
At cant
Arrant
And error-
Bearers.

Camden, S.C. F. R. BUCKLEY

Trading Off

M. J. Sobran Jr. certainly took a fall out of conspicuous suffering ["Unmeltable Ethnocentrics," Sept. 17]. A possible antidote would be for NATIONAL REVIEW and *New York Times Book Review* to swap off from time to time. That way *they* could be freshened up on Original Sin and all while *we* wallow in Five Thousand Years of persecution. At least it might spread the tedium a bit thinner.

Beverly Hills, Calif. SAUL DAVID

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Last July, when polls had his man ahead by 30 points, **Carter** campaign manager **Hamilton Jordan** issued a warning to his cocky troops: the race will probably be neck and neck by November. Jordan was off by a month. **Yankelovich**, for *Time*, says it's already a dead heat. Carter's solid South is beginning to move: **Ford** is in the lead in Virginia and is within striking distance in Florida, South Carolina, and Texas. . . . Carter's staff is outwardly unflapped, but other Democrats are worried. "It's not that [Carter's] a Southerner," said one Northern Democrat. "It's him; and he's a strange guy, and people seem to sense it too." *Washington Post* reports: "Even now, as Carter crisscrosses the country, the old-time Democratic politicians greet him more often than not like a naturalized Martian rather than a fellow soldier." . . . Chairman **Robert Strauss** says party is $2 million shy of the $3.2 million promised Carter-**Mondale** and some splashy ads will have to be dropped. . . . Labor expects a low turnout in November and is working to assure a high labor turnout for Carter. **George Meany** has written 5,600 AFL-CIO bosses telling them to disregard *Playboy* interview and concentrate on registering workers. In retaliation for Ford's trimming of federal employees' pay raise, **Kenneth T. Blaylock,** president of the American Federation of Government Employees, is urging his workers to take leave from their jobs to participate in voter-registration drives. Blaylock has named October "Work for Democracy Month."

■ From *Business Week*, October 11: "Names are beginning to surface for Cabinet posts in next administration. At Agriculture, incumbent **Earl Butz** is a cinch to stay on if Ford wins." . . . **Lester Maddox**, on the gross and other recent indiscretions: "This may sound cruel, but what somebody ought to do

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Donato, *Toronto Sun* Rothco

is tie up Carter's tongue and amputate **Rockefeller**'s finger—and the President should have fired Butz. These men are the same as **Richard Nixon**—only worse. At least, Mr. Nixon did it in the privacy of his office." . . . Pre-Butz, the Administration's unheralded black strategy was moving well. **Muhammed Ali** was leaning to Ford. Three days before his fight with **Ken Norton** he told Congressional Black Caucus: "I may have to vote for Ford." Ford, Ali said, "invited me to the White House three times—and you folks have never invited me to the White House once."

■ **Bella Abzug** has her voice back. Upon her return to the House floor after her defeat by **Moynihan**, she berated New York colleagues who didn't stump for her. She called Rep. **Charles Rangel** "corrupt" and Rep. **Stephen Solarz** a "coward." **Edward Koch**, another New York Democrat, escaped her wrath because she's so mad at him she's not on bellowing terms with him. . . . Democrats in Congress decided to wait until next year and a possible Carter Administration to fill many vacancies in courts, federal posts, and diplomatic missions. Diplomats **Graham Martin** and **G. McMurtie Godley** are among the casualties. Senate Foreign Relations Committee held their pro-Vietnam stance against them and didn't confirm the two Ford nominees. . . . Japan has told the Soviet Union that it is ready to return the MiG—but the Soviets have to pay the transportation costs. . . . Russia's **Intourist Agency**, according to *U.S. News & World Report*, is shopping for a computer system to handle its reservations for tourists visiting Russia. IBM had a system, but U.S. queered the deal, fearing it would be too helpful to KGB. London *Economist* has reported that Russians have been able to equip their missiles with multiple warheads only because of a precision grinding machine they got from U.S.

■ In Arizona, Republican conservative **Laird Guttersen** is giving Rep. **Morris Udall** a tough race in his bid for re-election. Guttersen, a Tucson businessman, is a veteran of five years in a Vietnam prison camp. . . . "Nobody in Maine is impressed with big spenders and that's what **Ed Muskie** is. He has to be held accountable for the biggest peacetime deficit in America's history," says his GOP opponent **Robert G. Monks**, a 42-year-old Harvard graduate who's giving Muskie the closest Senate race he's ever had. . . . The New York Conservative Party is holding a Salute to Senator **Jim Buckley** dinner October 18 in the Waldorf Astoria. Besides the guest of honor, other speakers include: Senator **Robert Dole**, Senator **Jesse Helms**, and **William F. Buckley Jr.**

■ When Carter and Senator **John Tunney** campaigned together recently in California, the *Wall Street Journal* reports that they laid to rest one California rumor: that there was only one set of teeth beween them.

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THE WEEK

■ We'd trust Jimmy Carter with our wives any time. What we don't like is the way he eyes our paychecks.

■ Former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, a hard liner on policy toward the Soviet Union, was China's most honored guest of the season on a tour that extended before and after Mao's death. In comments both public and private, Schlesinger reports his impression that the Chinese Communist regime is solving its first problem of succession without much trouble, and that Premier Hua Kuo-feng seems securely established as head of government. It is believed that in his long session with Jimmy Carter on his return to this country, Schlesinger urged a bit of tilt toward Peking.

■ Jimmy Carter was going to debate President Ford on foreign policy on October 6, right? Well now, on October 5—just in time for headlines on the morning of the 6th, the General Accounting Office issues a report claiming that the whole Mayaguez operation was probably unnecessary. New York *Daily News* headline on October 6: "Watchdogs Find 41 Died in Vain." The GAO is a Congressional Agency. The report was commissioned by the House International Relations Committee. The timing of its release, we think, was dictated by Hamilton Jordan.

■ Congressman Ron Paul (R., Texas) has good words —no, rather more than mere good words—for West Point's honor code: "Why should the military academies cling to such an 'outmoded' code of student eithics? There is one very good reason why they do and should: the concept of personal honor is basic to the West's military tradition. The whole idea of an honor code is essentially military or even feudal, a tradition as old as the early Middle Ages in Europe. It is probably true, as sociologist Robert Nisbet has remarked, that in American institutions of higher education, only in the military academies and a handful of colleges in the South could a student honor code be maintained successfully. The South is still influenced by cultural remnants that are basically the product of a military code. The Southern tradition values personal loyalty more than profit, the family name more than family income, a man's word more than forms in triplicate. This is a 'gentleman's code.' . . . Every student who applies [to West Point] through my office should know in advance that I support the Code."

■ Believe it or not, in the closing hours of the 94th Congress, the Senate of the United States actually found a new way to disgrace itself. Since last February, the reappointment of Dr. Ronald Berman as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities has been before the Labor and Public Welfare Committee. The lone opposition of Senator Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) delayed action for months. Finally, on September 15, hearings commenced, marked by a variety of delaying tactics on the part of Senator Pell. Just before adjournment the committee by a 7 to 7 party-line vote tabled the matter. Eight months apparently had proved insufficient time for these profound deliberations. In the next Congress the entire process will have to begin again from the beginning.

■ For some months it has been officially admitted by U.S. Government spokesmen that the Soviet Union has achieved superiority in intercontinental strategic weapons. Fred C. Ikle, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, stated two weeks ago that the Soviet Union now has superiority also in intermediate-range ("regional") nuclear weapons. Moreover, according to Ikle, "the Soviet Union is now embarked on new weapons programs that will further increase its superiority in regional nuclear forces. . . . [Moscow is introducing] a brand new regional ballistic missile which has multiple independently targetable warheads [MIRVs]." This new missile is presumably the SS-20, which is configured so that it can be mobile (thus relatively immune to satellite observation) and can serve as an ICBM as well as a regional weapon. Meanwhile, SALT negotiations resume late this month. They are expected to produce a new accord before the end of the year.

■ The current of feeling that swept Sweden's Olof Palme from office almost but not quite toppled West Germany's formidable Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and his governing coalition of Social Democrats and liberal Free Democrats. Schmidt barely survived, his 46-vote majority in the Bundestag reduced to a precarious eight. On the major issues of foreign policy and the economy, differences between Schmidt and his Christian Democratic challenger Helmut Kohl in fact were minor, and the election revolved around matters of nuance and style. Schmidt is reliably anti-Communist, but his party endures the presence of a noisy Marxist left wing, anathema to most West Germans. Kohl stressed patriotism and traditional virtues. The results of the election moved German politics marginally to the right, reflecting what appears to be a trend throughout the Western world with the notable exception of Italy.

■ Andrei Amalrik, now exiled in Paris, says the West should boycott the Soviet Union. "So long as Russia is a country where ten people decide on peace or war, the United States and the West cannot be safe," he says. "It is better to take a difficult and dangerous way rather than a tortuous road that leads nowhere. If the United States and the West ceased all economic aid to Russia, there would be a crisis followed by reform. There would not be war. The position of the West is like that of the rich cities of old toward the Tatars and nomads. They

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Memo to: all NR (and WFB) fans

From: Jim McFadden

Re: WFB's new book

We have something special here. Last year, Bill Buckley made a dream-of-a-lifetime transatlantic crossing aboard the yacht Cyrano (Miami to Gibraltar, via the Azores). He has now written a marvellous account of it all, due out this November, and titled "Airborne" (who but Bill would call a sea-book that?). It is big, unforgettable, and costly, as all books are nowadays (it will sell for $12.95 -- and it will sell!).

My problem is this: a) I can't imagine, for the life of me, anybody reading this who will not want to own this once-in-a-lifetime book -- you'll thoroughly enjoy every page of it -- but b) our normal practice for this kind of thing has been to offer books with your renewal (or new) subscription. In this case, that amounts to quite a bit. But, as I say, I know you'll want the book. So we've come up with the following "compromise" solution: in this special case, we will accept 18-issue renewals (some 9 months) and send you this $12.95 book at a total of $6.95 off the regular price (which means that you can get this wonderful book at less than half the price you would have to pay for it in your bookstore).

Why will you want the book? For more reasons than I can list here. It is a unique (i.e., Buckley's own) description of a truly memorable sea voyage. But it is a great deal more than that. In my judgment, it's simply the best book he's written ever, a revealing log-book of what interests him: ideas, personalities, problems, arguments, anecdotes and even family stories (son Christopher's Great Treasure Hunt is a classic). Like Moby Dick, it will tell you a lot more about a lot of things than you ever thought you wanted to know -- and you'll love every word of it (my wife, who grabbed my proof-copy and couldn't put it down, suggested the subtitle "All that you wanted to know about Bill Buckley but couldn't ask" -- not true, of course, but still accurate!). There's even a heavenly treatise on celestial navigation. Really.

How can you get it? Simply by using the card facing this page right now. Here's the offer: renew (or subscribe) now for 18 big issues of National Review -- that's a $13.50 value at the regular rate. You'll get this invaluable $12.95 book along with your subscription -- both for just $19.95. That means you save a total of $6.50 on the book and your renewal (or new) order, provided you don't delay: we must place an advance order for these books (only a big-quantity purchase can provide the kind of savings we are passing on to you here). So act now. You will never forgive yourself if you miss this one. Nobody else is going to offer you this big new book at such a bargain rate. And you'll also have NR's unduplicated coverage throughout the early months of the new administration too (no matter who wins November 2, it's going to be a new ballgame in Washington next year, and no magazine in America can tell you about it better than National Review).

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thought they could buy them off with tribute, until the Tatars decided that they might as well take the cities themselves. American grain cannot take the place of strength of soul." He said that the human rights movement in the Soviet Union is compatible with detente: "We are for a detente which would attempt to create better relations between East and West. Detente as conceived by Dr. Kissinger, which consists merely in consolidating all that is bad in the East and the West, can lead the world only to catastrophe."

■ Pierre Trudeau seems to be on the skids. There was his visit to Cuba and congratulations to Fidel Castro just after the Angola invasion: his sycophantic yielding to Red China by barring Nationalist China from the Olympics; his institution of compulsory bi-lingualism for the civil service, necessary to a certain extent but badly planned and high-handed in its execution. As long as the economy was doing fairly well, Canadians were more or less willing to put up with it all. But then the economy hit a zero growth rate, international reserves fell off seriously, inflation soared to 13.2 per cent, and Trudeaumania began turning into Trudeauphobia. In a Gallup poll taken right after the Olympic Games, Trudeau's Liberal Party was down to 29 per cent, 18 points behind the Progressive Conservative Party. Trudeau's only hope is that he can hold the government together until the wind changes, and then slip in an election before the 1979 deadline.

■ The University of Michigan marching band did not have to play at a Michigan campaign rally for Communist Presidential candidate, Gus Hall, but it took a State Court of Appeals ruling to settle the issue. Gus had brought suit, complaining that since the band had played for President Ford it would have to play for him.

■ The Hitler Analogue this year, as during the last three presidential campaigns, is the Republican nominee. In 1964 Jackie Robinson said that Goldwater's nomination made him feel like a Jew in Hitler's Germany. In 1968 Humphrey compared Nixon to Hitler. In 1972 McGovern said Nixon was "worse than Hitler." This year the student newspaper at Ford's alma mater, *The Michigan Daily,* termed Ford "an enemy of higher education," and added: "Ford kicking off his presidential campaign at a college campus is something akin to Hitler making the first donation to the United Jewish Appeal." The imagination of the Left evidently needs Adolf very badly, and its insistence that every evil terminates in his miserable little figure is what makes it, ultimately, so damned boring.

■ Mr. Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, abandoned the September issue of his magazine to a symposium entitled "What Is a Liberal—Who Is a Conservative?" in which 64 commentators (including such disparate people as Lionel Abel, Arnold Beichman, Charles Frankel, Richard Rovere, and R. Emmet Tyrrell Jr.) explain the degree to which they are pleased by the current application of the words "liberal" and "conservative." From out of the rude welter of voices a few general propositions begin to emerge: a) liberalism has hardened into establishmentarianism; b) the art of reasoned political thinking is rapidly becoming lost to humanity; and c) a man's "liberalism" or "conservatism" is likely to be less the formulation of such reasoning than a visceral and high emotional reaction to the events of the visible world. A few of the contributors got off some excellent lines. Edith Ephron, identifying the "corporate world" as the source of what the vulgar regard as the finest flower of conservatism, writes that it represents rather "a mutation that has occurred after years of liberal dominance of the culture . . . a hybridization . . . characterized by . . . the compulsion to be respectable in liberal eyes, and the compulsion to preserve its enterprises from liberal destruction." Tom Wolfe argues that "the political tags of our time" mean "rationally, nothing, psychologically everything—My Ancient Opposite! My Childhood Enemy! O My Faithful Schoolyard Phantoms!" But otherwise, the symposium is itself so accurate a reflection of the current ideological confusion as to tempt a serious philosopher to let the question go hang and devote himself to counting nature images in German *Lieder*. But stay! There is a bonus! One Jervis Anderson, of the *New Yorker*, argues that "Conservatives are not persuaded, on the whole, that humane ideals should influence the conduct of those who manage public affairs," while "Liberals look forward to making life somewhat more civilized, somewhat more just, and somewhat more decent for the general society." If you spend insomniac nights wondering who is the homunculus who writes "The Talk of the Town," the *Commentary* symposium offers you a clue with which to amuse yourself during the grey hours.

■ For reasons known only to the French, the 3,850-year-old remains of Pharaoh Ramses II are being shipped from Cairo to Paris for remummification. With full military honors.

The Rabbits of England

Sixty million rabbits roam
Over farm and stately home,
Eating everything in sight:
It's a bunny-rabbit blight.
Being British, people frown
When a hunter brings them down—
As if deeds at Runnymede
Guaranteed a bunny's feed.
Being dotty isn't sound
With a drought and sinking pound.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The big story here this week has been Butz. Last week it was Lust, but Lust has taken a holiday, blitzed off the front pages and TV screens by Butz's barroom crudity about blacks. By resigning, Butz has taken the only politically possible course open to him and thereby may have defused the explosive campaign issue his continued presence would cause. Reactions to his departure here are mixed. Many Administration officials sincerely believe Butz to have been one of the most effective Agriculture secretaries of recent memory. And the Ford Committee had been counting heavily on his campaign help in crucial battleground states such as Illinois, where it is essential that Ford pull a substantial farm vote to offset Carter's urban support. Others here, however, believe that Butz's appeal to the farm bloc has always been vastly overrated, and that in fact his involvement in the grain embargo made him a distinct campaign liability. But however they view him, Republicans are bitter about the way the story has been played. And they are all appalled that he had to make those remarks before—of all people—John Dean. "John was on that plane as an accredited reporter," says one Nixon holdover. "Butz is an old Nixon hand. He should know, better than most, that John wouldn't mind in the least helping to bring down the whole Administration once and for all. It would be the final star in his crown. Remember, he's already laid one President low."

■ Just how much damage Butz has done is not yet possible to assess. But there is no doubt that the way the story has been played has helped to put a brake on the momentum that the Ford campaign appeared to pick up during September, a momentum that itself seemed to depend primarily on how the press chose to play other stories. Since Labor Day, the campaign has been treated as a comedy of errors. The stories that have received the most loving coverage center on the blunders that each candidate manages to make, what one reporter here calls "the flub of the week coverage." And through most of September, the flubs were all Carter's—the income tax flap, LBJ, and lust. Going into October, the press believed it sensed one of those distinct shifts that can determine the outcome of an election, a moment when the front-runner no longer seems to be moving and the challenger has just pulled even on the outside. But just as that moment arrived, and just as movement toward Ford became discernible, the media began to focus negatively on Ford. There was the barrage of stories about golf trips and about the special prosecutor running daily on the front pages and evening news, juxtaposed in the DC area with stories on the corruption trial of Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel. Few knowledgeable people here believed the stories had substance. But the very fact that they ran day after day, forming the basis for nearly all the questions at the daily White House press briefing, was in itself sufficient. And then came the Butz flub, and many here believe that the focus on Butz has helped to put Carter back on the track.

■ Rightly or wrongly, the old issue of media bias, largely because of Agnew and Watergate, is dead. But although few still discuss media ideology, newsmen here are discussing media dominance. The press, they believe, has come dangerously close to taking total control of the elective process. Newsmen structure the Presidential debates, decide which issues will be discussed, and then analyze the results for us. They travel with the candidates during the campaign and make the ultimate decisions on which of the candidates' remarks and positions we will know about. At times their roles are politically active ones. It is common on campaign planes and buses to hear national reporters advising the candidates and their staffs on strategy. Many in the Carter camp, for instance, believe his recent problems came about from listening too carefully to media advice and modifying his campaign because of it. The press provides it all—the format, the mood, the background, and the central focus. And many believe that they focus on irrelevancies. If the candidates insist on talking only facts and figures, the newsmen call them dull. If they don't, they are fuzzy. And complicating it all is the need for sensationalism in what is essentially a money-making entertainment industry. Thus, Carter and lust, Ford and Butz. Perhaps we need to know about such things. Perhaps they tell us something about the character of the candidates. But perhaps they also tend to trivialize the electoral process. Extensive press coverage is essential, of course, since it provides the only means for our would-be leaders to communicate with us. But perhaps, by playing it all as flub-of-the-week, Lustbutz campaign, the press isn't allowing us to hear what is being said. The media may or may not be the message. But they do determine what that message will be.

—CATO

■ For reasons unknown to mortal man, the federal government has just switched to a new fiscal year beginning October 1 instead of July 1. The Postal Service tried to make the switchover, got delayed somehow, and is starting its fiscal year on October 9.

■ VOICES OF MODERATION: Senator Walter Mondale, speaking to the Institute of the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund: "The sickening truth is that this country is rapidly coming to resemble South Africa. Our native reserves and Bantustans are the inner city. And our apartheid is all the more disgusting for being insidious and unproclaimed."

■ VOICES OF MODERATION: "It is undecent for those who care about sensitivity and humanity in politics to talk of the decency of Gerald Ford."—Anthony Lewis, *New York Times.*

■ A half hour of silence being the highlight of the first two affairs, the floor is open for suggestions on how to make the presidential debates more stimulating and meaningful to the American televiewer. The best idea we've heard so far is to dispense with moderator, League of Women Voters, and network commentators in favor of a Monday Night Football format, with a team of officials in black and white striped shirts assessing penalties for flip-flops, non-sequiturs, and delay of game, and Cosell, Gifford, and Karras doing the play-by-play. Perhaps the University of Michigan marching band could play at halftime.

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Carter Watch

Though based upon nothing demonstrable, the feeling grew during the week preceding the second debate that Jimmy Carter may have stopped the bleeding, at least temporarily—helped by the Earl Butz fiasco, a bit of economic gloom, and a newly vigorous campaign style. If so, it happened none too soon. Seldom had a candidate suffered so many self-inflicted wounds, and for the first time Carter had begun to be the butt of ridicule, with Jimmy Carter jokes beginning to circulate widely, such as "In his heart, he knows your wife"—a take-off on the old Goldwater slogan—and "Dear," said the man, winking, "I've got that Jimmy Carter feeling." Even Carter's famous wide grin became the subject of new, hilarious interpretations. Ridicule, if it persisted, could be catastrophic for a little known candidate, with virtually no public record, who relies heavily on personal charisma.

Three days before the second debate, a *Time* magazine poll found Carter and Ford tied at 43 per cent each, with 14 undecided, though other polls continued to show a small Carter lead, and he retained a substantial lead in the electoral vote projections. Still, by October 1, Carter had lost his lead among independent voters, a bellwether category that tends to be the first to shift, and this change could be ominous for him.

Carter, however, tried out a more aggressive campaign style as he swung across the country, sharpening his attacks upon Ford in preparation for their second confrontation, and the Carter camp assiduously spread the word that the candidate would come out fighting in San Francisco on October 6.

Virtually on the eve of the debate, an interesting visitor showed up in Plains, Georgia and spent several hours in conversation with Carter—former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger. This led to speculation that Carter might risk jolting his liberal supporters by surfacing to the *right* of Ford-Kissinger on defense and foreign policy. Reagan's campaign had come to life in mid-course when he began to hit Ford here, and that fact could not have been lost on Carter. During the primaries, indeed, though Carter had promised to cut Pentagon *waste*, he had also come out for a stronger navy, and he had indicated criticism of detente and the Panama Canal negotiations. In picking up that option, however, Carter would be inhibited by his liberal constituency, to which he has been extraordinarily deferential since July, and also by the conspicuous symbolic presence on the ticket of Walter Mondale, whose record on national defense resembles that of Bella Abzug.

Mirabile dictu, in view of Carter's enormous summer lead in the polls, the possibility that he might actually lose the election began to be the subject of conversation among politicians of both parties. What if . . .?

If the Republicans actually do manage to hold on to the White House some important consequences almost certainly would follow. The present uneasy Democratic alliance between the South and the Northern Liberals would probably shatter amid mutual recriminations. The zany peanut farmer would have blown the thing, and in the process probably precluded another Southern Democratic nominee for years to come. In the cold light of dawn on November 3, Southerners would rediscover their differences with Mondale liberalism. On the Republican side, the Ford-Dole Administration would find that merely in the interest of governing it would be obliged to court sympathetic and detachable Democrats in Congress. The "realignment" and "new coalition" politics so much talked about recently could thus begin to occur under wholly unforseen circumstances. Last summer, indeed, just such a possibility seemed to be glimmering in the mind of none other than Senator Robert Dole when he said: "If he [Ford] is re-elected, I think you'll have a substantial push to bring people together who have the same general philosophy."

If the Carter candidacy does disintegrate like the one-horse shay, then the process Dole had in mind might well commence.

Neither Ford nor Carter stands in any danger of being mistaken for Demosthenes, but in their second debate, held in San Francisco's Palace of Fine Arts Theater, Ford emerged the clear winner in both substance and image. (Reports that a telephone poll conducted just after the debate showed Carter the winner must simply represent an aberration.)

The opening question from Max Frankel elicited from Carter an almost contemptuous evasion. That set the tone for an unconvincing performance overall. Carter actually seems to believe that we overthrew "the elected government of Chile."

As far as image is concerned, Ford is certainly not fluent, but Carter slurs his words, fails to focus, commits grammatical errors. The impression emerges: not presidential.

Reports from Mississippi now indicate an even race in that Deep South state. Ford leads in Virginia. Carter has blown a 20-vote margin in Texas. Stay tuned for further disintegration.

The Economy: Perking Along

A few unfavorable economic statistics for a couple of months formed the basis for some rather hasty conjectures that the economy was running out of steam. But most of the supposed problems simply disappeared when the numbers were revised to reflect better information. A 1.2 per cent decline in retail sales in July was revised to show only a 0.3 per cent decline, followed by a 2.2 per cent gain in August. A modest 0.2 per cent increase in industrial production in July was revised to show a 0.5 per cent increase, with the same increase repeated in August. Corporate profits originally showed only a 1.8 per cent increase over the exceptionally strong first quarter, but the latest revisions now show a 3.8 per cent

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rise, 36 per cent above a year ago. Factory shipments and real GNP growth have also been revised upward, and all signs show that plant and equipment expenditures are clearly perking up.

That leaves only the unemployment rate as an object of concern. But unemployment has been rising because housewives and teens have been drawn into the ranks of job-seekers by the presence of attractive job opportunities. Employment has increased by 3.9 million since March 1975, and continues to grow by nearly a quarter of a million jobs each month.

Soviet Debt

The Communist countries have been shoring up their shaky economies with Western technology and food financed on the easy payment plan. From 1969 through 1975, exports to the USSR totaled over $4.57 billion, while our imports from them were only $1.1 billion. In the first half of this year alone, the Soviet Union's trade deficit with the West grew to $2.97 billion—half of which was with the U.S. A similar pattern prevailed between all Communist countries and their Western suppliers.

These huge and growing Eastern trade deficits have been mainly financed by debt, currently totaling about $30 billion, much of its subsidized or guaranteed by Western governments. Eastern Europe now has $5.2 billion in official credit commitments. Rumania also has a $460 million credit line from the World Bank, has drawn a $158-million loan from the International Monetary Fund, and is negotiating for about a $150 million in loans from the U.S. Export-Import Bank. Such loans allow Soviet bloc nations to have both guns and butter, by buying the butter with IOUs. We are trading tangible goods for dubious promises.

It is difficult to see how the same Communist nations that cannot raise enough hard currency to pay for their imports will somehow raise enough to service and repay their debts. Private lenders now recognize this risk of default, and Communist countries are having to pay high interest rates on additional loans. But Western governments are still asking their own taxpayers to underwrite loans that scare most sensible investors.

Britain Sinks

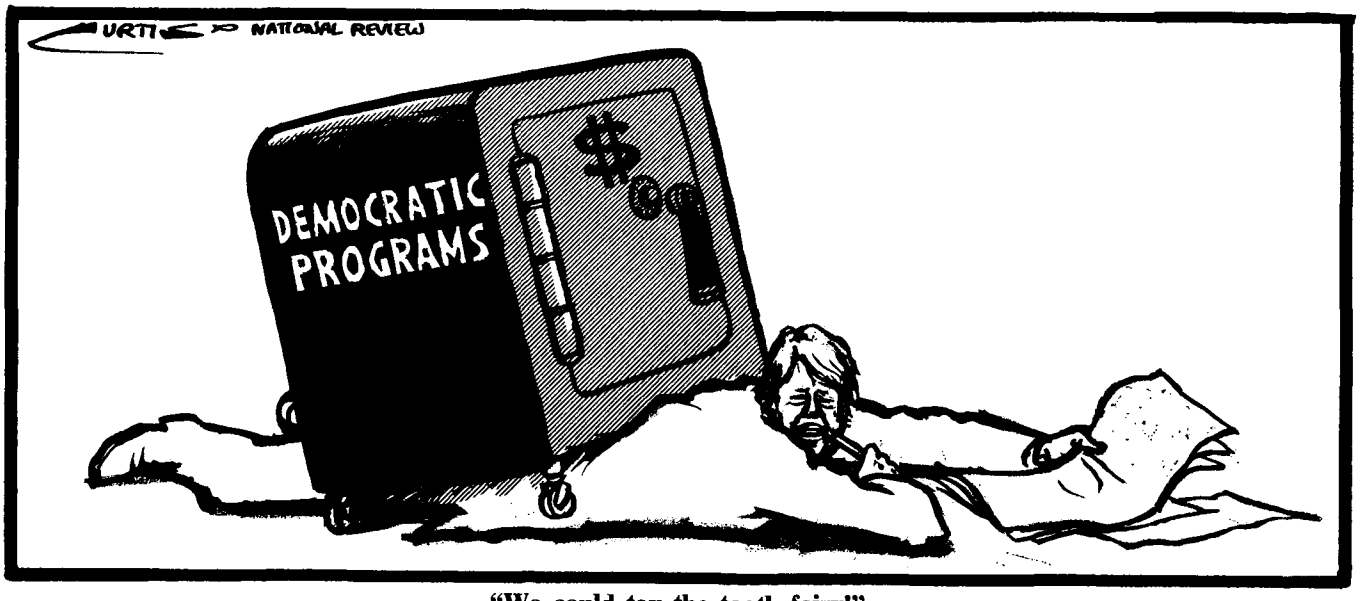
I. The Pound

The pound has been pounded into ounces, and Great Britain is no longer so great. The country that served as the main testing ground for Keynesian policies is, by no coincidence, in a terrible fix.

Public sector borrowing in Britain amounts to over 12 per cent of Gross Domestic Product. Financing that deficit drives interest rate up, thus diverting savings from productive investments into transfer payments and subsidies to inefficient firms. Much of the deficit is being financed by printing extra money at about a 17-per cent annual rate—far more rapidly than a capital-starved economy can produce the things that money can buy. The result has been chronic—double digit inflation, which caused the pound to sink from $2.40 in early 1975 to $1.63 in recent weeks.

To camouflage the situation, Britain has tried wage and price controls four times in the past fifteen years. Each time, inflation ended up worse than before.

The Economist calculates that the combination of taxes and welfare benefits makes it almost impossible for some 200,000 British families to work: the loss of welfare benefits would be greater than the potential increase in after-tax earnings. At the other end of the income scale, the most productive people still remaining in Britain are taxed at a rate of 83 per cent on any income above $32,000 a year, plus a wealth tax, and a



"We could tax the tooth fairy!"

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surcharge of 10 to 15 per cent on income from investments. Since neither the poor nor the rich have much incentive to earn more, they aren't a lucrative source of tax revenues. That leaves an enormous tax burden on the middle class, so that over 5 million ordinary British workers pay over half of any extra earnings in taxes.

There should be a lesson for us here. Yet many U.S. politicians are again advocating that we adopt essentially the same policies in this country—large budget deficits, rapid increases in the money supply, wage and price controls, and a tax–welfare system that penalizes productive efforts and rewards leisure.

II. The Politics of Economics

The latest crisis in the British economy—or, rather, the latest explosion in the continuing crisis—occurred while the Labor Party was holding its annual conference at the dreary seaside resort, Blackpool. The occasion was appropriate and revealing.

In the constitutional development of the British parliamentary system the "parliamentary party" (Conservative, Labor, or Liberal) has become a different entity from the national party. The parliamentary party consists of the party caucus in Parliament. The national party (or, simply, "the party") consists of all citizens registered as party members. The members of the parliamentary caucus have of course been elected through the activities of the national party, and are thus ultimately dependent, at least in some measure, on the national party for their presence in Parliament. However, the parliamentary party is not obligated to follow the directives of either the general conference of the national party or of its National Executive Council.

The national membership of the Labor Party has a special feature not paralleled in the other parties. It consists of individual members of the local constituency clubs and, second, the membership of each trade union counted en bloc and voted by the executives of the unions. The total union membership is many times that of the individual members. This means that the leaders of the big unions control the party conference and the party's National Executive Council.

During the past generation, two things have happened to the trade union movement: 1) The power of the trade union executives over the British labor force and thereby over the British economy has become close to absolute. The totally closed shop is virtually universal, and much more tightly closed than in the United States. A picket line—a single picket or mere strike notice—is inviolable. The officers of a union can, for any purpose that suits them, "black" a factory, ship, store, publication, service, whatever: i.e., place an absolute taboo on its functioning. 2) The Left—the real Left: official Communists, Trotskyits and Maoists, miscellaneous revolutionaries—has moved into the leading union echelons and in many cases into control positions in large and strategically placed unions. The Labor Party conferences and the National Executive Committee have shifted more and more toward Left domination.

At this autumn's Blackpool conference, it was the Left voices and their often extreme revolutionary views that were being conspicuously heard—and that triggered the quick plunge in the exchange value of the pound.

Although the extreme Marxist Left is represented in the parliamentary Labor party, it does not prevail there. The parliamentary leaders—whose appearances and speeches at Blackpool aroused louder boos than applause—held to their proposals for economic measures sufficiently restrictive and austere at least to give them a basis for requesting a multi-billion dollar emergency credit from the International Monetary Fund to bolster the pound, cover the current deficit, and tide the economy over for the next six months.

However, more and more emergency credits every few months to cover continuing huge deficits are obviously going to solve nothing. (Actually, the $3.9 billion credit now asked from the IMF—indirectly, from the U.S. and West Germany—will exhaust Britain's IMF credit line.) But it is impossible for Britain to begin to solve its economic crisis unless it can resolve the underlying political crisis that was implicit at Blackpool.

In Britain today there is what political scientists call "dual power"—two separate centers of power, two rival claimants to de facto sovereignty: 1) Parliament (with the Prime Minister and Cabinet), of which the parliamentary Labor Party is still a part, even if a cracked part; 2) the trade union leadership. The official (parliamentary) government, even if willing and ready to do so, cannot enact and carry through an effective economic program because the trade union leadership, with its powerful Left element, will not agree to a genuinely effective program—and has enough independent power to defy the government if the government tries to impose a program the trade union leadership considers unacceptable.

It is impossible for a nation to function effectively under conditions of dual power. Sovereignty—as Aristotle and Rousseau alike demonstrated—is the one thing that cannot be shared. There must be a decision about who is master in the house, and Britain can't wait much longer to make that decision.

Foreign Aid on Target

On October 5 the United States delegation to the UN General Assembly submitted a statement to the UN concerning United States policy toward the demands of the developing countries for greatly increased aid from the advanced nations. We quote from this statement:

"There cannot be any grounds for presenting the United States with the demands of the developing countries for mandatory transfer of a fixed share of gross national product to the developing countries by way of economic assistance. . . . The United States does not

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carry the responsibility for the economic backwardness of the developing countries. . . . The possibilities of the United States in rendering economic assistance are not unlimited. The United States government of course cannot neglect the welfare of its own people. . . . It is especially important that the advanced democratic countries and the developing countries gradually orient their economic relations toward the creation of a stable and planned public division of labor to enable them to resist the predatory policies of Communist imperialism. . . . The American people do not conceal their sympathies toward the countries which orient their development in a free enterprise direction. . . . The United States does not cooperate with those states that, for this or that reason, are not prepared for cooperation or pursue directly hostile policies toward the United States."

It was of course the Soviet delegation that submitted the statement. For "United States," read "Soviet Union" throughout. For "American," read "Soviet." For "democratic" and "free enterprise" read "socialist."

Execution Eve?

By refusing to reconsider its July 2 decision upholding the death penalty, the Supreme Court removed the last obstacle to execution for the crime of murder. The states most immediately affected are Georgia, Texas, and Florida, where the aggregate death row population stands at approximately 200. Executions in those states could begin in six to eight weeks, though further delays are at least conceivable.

The Court's refusal to reconsider represents the culmination of years of litigation, and, on balance, this process has both refined the law and led to an apparent national consensus. In 1972, by a 5-4 vote, the Court ruled that capital punishment as then imposed violated the "cruel and unusual punishment" clause of the Constitution, not, the Court carefully said, because execution was in itself cruel and unusual punishment, but because the death penalty was being imposed in an erratic way. Many states responded by rewriting their laws in an effort to satisfy the constitutional requirements implied by the 1972 decision. On July 11 of this year the Court ruled that the capital punishment statutes of Georgia, Texas, and Florida did indeed meet the requirements, and it has now refused to reconsider that decision.

The first executions, however, are only too likely to become major subjects of media attention and also to generate global reverberations. No one has been executed in the U.S. since 1967, and, during the period since World War II, most Western nations have abolished the death penalty. The approaching executions are therefore certain to attract extraordinary interest, and they will be exploited for a variety of purposes.

We will probably learn more about the individuals involved than we really wish to know. The press and TV will give us biographical sketches, interviews with relatives, friends, fellow prisoners. Since a substantial number of the condemned prisoners are black, the racial issue will be agitated. We can probably expect "vigils" outside the prisons and demonstrations outside U.S. embassies in Stockholm, London, and Paris. Idi Amin will no doubt comment, perhaps on the ground that execution ought to be his personal prerogative.

The decision of the Court, however, should suggest to all who reflect upon it that this issue has now been filtered through the process of deliberation enjoined by the U.S. Constitution, that a consensus now holds some crimes to be so heinous as to deserve the ultimate penalty, and that though we are concerned about the putative victim of society, we are also at least as much concerned about the victims, past and future, of specific violent individuals.

Jimmy's the Issue

Jimmy's pushing "programs";
  Jerry's sitting pat.
Jimmy pants to prime the pump—
  Jerry's graph is flat.
Jimmy is a spender;
  Jerry fears a bust.
Jimmy ogles tax reform
  With unseemly lust.

W. H. VON DREELE

Revisionism Branches Out

Cold War revisionism, whose academic heyday was clouded rather abruptly by Robert Maddox's devastating study of its documentary methods, has nonetheless survived to trickle down to the book clubs, the moviemakers, and the television networks. Last year we were treated to TV's *Fear on Trial*, a dramatization of John Henry Faulk's blacklisting by television's executives. Faulk was portrayed as a good ole boy, apolitical so far as one could tell, who was victimized by right-wing hallucinations. High on the best-seller list this season is Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time*, the autobiography of a lady with gumption enough to defy HUAC; the introduction, by Garry Wills, mentions casually that Harry Truman "launched the Cold War in the spring of 1947," and leaves the impression that American hysteria sustained the thing unilaterally. Woody Allen's new film is Serious: it's called *The Front*, and it's about a schnook, or a schlemiel, or whatever you call those hapless harmless fellows, who innocently gets mixed up with some equally innocent Communists who have been blacklisted, and the comedy turns to tragedy, etc.

Reviewing *The Front*, John Simon dismisses its bathetic posturing and its implicit premises: "I am sorry to have to say the obvious, but however vicious blacklisting

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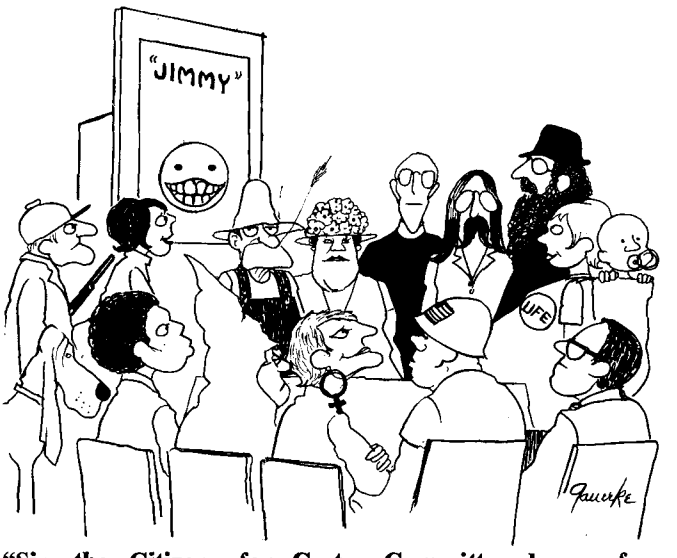
was, and however fell its consequences, it did not, as the film implies, confer a badge of honor. To have been a Communist or a Communist-sympathizer is not an automatic guarantee of moral and intellectual superiority." True enough. What Simon does not observe is equally important: namely, that the grounds on which blacklisting and McCarthyism have been condemned have subtly shifted. It used to be alleged that they wronged non-Communists. Now it is alleged that they wronged Communists. In a word, the worse thing about Cold War "slanders" is that they were true. That is the Woody Doctrine.

The whole cultural trend of revisionism is given penetrating treatment by Hilton Kramer in the *New York Times*. He sees the current exoneration of Thirties and Forties radicalism as a disguised apologia for the Sixties and Seventies variety: "The point, it seems, is to acquit Sixties radicalism of all malevolent consequences, and to do so by portraying Thirties radicalism as similarly innocent, a phenomenon wholly benign." As Miss Hellman says, "Whatever our mistakes, I do not believe we did our country any harm." (Nobody has remarked on the similarity to Nixon's resignation speech: admission of error, but not guilt.) But Kramer has a long memory: "Perhaps she has forgotten that she had joined in attacking the philosopher John Dewey, a pillar of the liberal establishment, for a commission of inquiry into the truth about the Moscow Trials. The climate now is indeed very different—a climate of amnesia."

You Takes Your Choice

The wisdom of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has been snubbed by Jimmy Carter, but if Schlesinger desires, he should be able to find another ear. The Federal Election Commission reports that at least 25 minor parties intend to field candidates in this Bicentennial election and at least 100 people are running for the Oval Office without even a minor party behind them. Herewith a brief guide to the also-running.

The venerable *Communist Party* is placing its money on Gus Hall and Jarvis Tyner. Their platform, translated from the Russian, is sweet on detente and sour on the Pentagon. The *Socialist Workers Party*, Trotsky's child, is offering Peter Camejo and Willie Mae Reid. The SWP is running against the FBI—and is leading by a huge margin. The *People's Party* has a woman on the top of its ticket, Margaret Wright, and a pediatrician, Benjamin Spock, on the bottom. Mrs. Wright is wooing the votes of those who, like herself, have been discriminated against. Julius Levin, candidate of the *Socialist Labor Party*, vows his first presidential act will be his last: he intends to abolish the office. The *Socialist Party*, whose previous standard bearers have been Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas, is now being led by Frank Zeidler, former mayor of Milwaukee. In the leftmost corner of this menagerie, in a cage by himself, sits Lyndon La-



"Sir, the Citizens for Carter Committee has a few questions for you."

Rouche, candidate of the *U.S. Labor Party*, humming loony tunes.

Eugene McCarthy, running as an independent, is now qualified on enough ballots (29) to give him a theoretical chance of election. Lester Maddox, proud choice of the *American Independent Party*, will be on at least 33 ballots come November. His candidacy has yet to take off, but polls show he has a solid foundation of 1 per cent in his home state of Georgia. The *American Party*, nominator of Wallace in '68 and John Schmitz in '72, didn't cast its net very wide this year. It has chosen its chairman, Tom Anderson, as its candidate. The *Libertarian Party* is on the presidential ballot in at least 31 states. Candidate Roger MacBride endeared himself to Libertarians in 1972 when, as a member of the Virginia delegation to the electoral college, he cast his vote for Libertarian candidate John Hospers, causing him to place third in electoral college balloting, a scant 16 votes behind George McGovern.

If Mr. Schlesinger finds all of these lacking that special something, he might decide to hitch up to a man without a party. Kirby J. Hensley, whose platform is devoted entirely to preparing the world for Martian rule, might be just his ticket.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

The Visigoths have triumphed again. I am "hunkering down" in anticipation of the November debacle.

My only requirements for sustenance until the fallout subsides (say, 1984) are my wife, ample food and drink,

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and a steady stream of enlightened conservatism from the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Please advise if *NR* will continue to publish during the Mr. Peanut administration.

Best regards,
Terrance M. Shuman
North Kansas City, Missouri

■ Mr. Eric Sevareid
CBS-TV
New York, N.Y. 10019
Dear Eric:

Mr. Paul Sweeney, the associate producer of *Firing Line*, advised me a week or two ago that your publisher declined, in your name, an invitation to appear on *Firing Line* on the grounds—she represented herself as quoting you—that "Mr. Sevareid is offended by recent writings by Mr. Buckley about himself and about Teddy White." I called Teddy White, and he told me that although he has very nearly total recall about animadversions at his expense, and although I have frequently disagreed with him, he cannot remember when he found my criticism personally offensive. So much for Teddy. Now I sit here wondering what I did to you. . . Could it have been the column in which I disagreed with your definition of "conservatism," as you gave it out to your listeners some months back? Do you have handy—I'd be pleased to consult it—a Guide to Permissible Criticism of Eric Sevareid? If so, I hope it contains a supplement listing the names of those of your friends any criticism of whom you do not tolerate. Since I criticize practically everybody, yet you name only Teddy White, am I to gather that only he enjoys your special protection? Or that he is your only friend? But that really is preposterous, because even *I* have always thought of myself as, among other things,

Your friend,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I wrote CBS to verify the statement Mr. Glemby made in "Notes & Asides" [May 28] about the omissions from Captain Denton's speech, made upon his return from North Vietnam. The enclosed letter from Marjorie Holyoak of CBS claims Mr. Glemby was incorrect.

Can you set the record straight?

Sincerely,
Lee J. Iden

Dear Mr. Iden:

I am replying to your letter concerning the CBS EVENING NEWS WITH WALTER CRONKITE. Please accept my apologies for this delayed response.

We appreciate your interest in verifying the facts of our reports on Captain Jeremiah Denton as he and other prisoners of war returned from North Vietnam. The CBS EVENING NEWS WITH WALTER CRONKITE on February 12, 1973 contained the following passage:

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH DENTON: We are profoundly grateful to our Commander in Chief and to our nation for this day. God bless America!

The CBS MORNING NEWS, also of February 12, contained the complete quotation you mentioned:

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH DENTON: We are honored to have had the opportunity to serve our country under difficult circumstances. We are profoundly grateful to our Commander in Chief and to our nation for this day. God bless America!

As you can see, Mr. Glemby, in his letter to NATIONAL REVIEW, was incorrect in his accusation concerning CBS News.

Thank you for writing to CBS.

Cordially,
M. Holyoak
CBS, New York

We regret passing along the misinformation, which presumably resulted from an aberration in local transmission. WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read your recent column in which you describe jogging as a miserable form of self-punishment. And to think you went to the same institution of higher learning as Frank Shorter. Exercise is one area in which your almost infinite knowledge is lacking. Concerning running and physical fitness, a few observations:

1) The runners and joggers I have known are among the greatest individualists and libertarians of our time. Don't insult your fellow travelers even if they do travel on foot.

2) To quote my favorite economist, "There is no such thing as a free lunch." Everyone must experience some huffing and puffing to get into shape. Without said huffing and puffing, even in the short run, we may all be dead.

3) The key to the problem then is to get the maximum benefit for the minimum cost—in this case pain. This can be done by beginning at a level of exercise low enough that one can remain reasonably comfortable, and then very gradually increasing that level as one's physical condition improves.

4) Once past the pain threshold, there are tremendous psychological as well as physical benefits to jogging. Boredom isn't even a factor. But this cannot be achieved by jogging once or even once a month.

5) People who hate exercise usually end up quitting or cutting corners. But people who learn to enjoy exercise usually live to a ripe old age. But I don't think I can survive if the only columnists I have to read are of the Reston–Wicker variety. So for my sake make the body as willing as the spirit.

Respectively yours,
Edward R. Koch
Hackensack, New Jersey
—WFB

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Last Act in Rhodesia

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

FOR MORE than three years beginning in 1969 Henry Kissinger labored and in January 1973 brought forth the Paris accords and protocols presented to us by President Nixon as "an agreement to end the war and bring peace with honor in Vietnam and Southeast Asia." That document has sunk without a trace. When scholarly divers of the future bring it to the surface, they will stare incredulously at the intertangled provisions for everything imaginable, beginning with an 1,160 man International Commission and a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord to "end hatred and enmity . . . ensure the democratic liberties of the people . . . and organize the free and democratic general elections."

The main criticism levied against Secretary Kissinger, especially by liberals, has been that he is too much a realpolitiker, too exclusively concerned with power to the neglect of moral factors. Perhaps this is the conclusion that can be drawn from his writings, but in Kissinger's actual diplomatic practice his notable mistakes seem to come from an underestimation of the role of power in strategic and political equations.

Once the U.S. decided to pull out of South Vietnam and Hanoi decided to stay in, the outcome of the war was settled. The U.S. and South Vietnam had been defeated. North Vietnam and its backers had won. The North Vietnamese were going to complete their military victory and take over South Vietnam. We had abandoned our ally. All else was secondary.

Kissinger was seduced by what may be called "the academic fallacy": the illusion that a clever web of words, formulas, provisos, can overcome the underlying equilibrium of forces. A document out of line with the power realities is only the scrap of paper that the Belgian neutrality treaty proved to be in 1914.

The southern Africa states—South Africa, Rhodesia, and Mozambique and Angola while still under Portuguese control, have been part of the global Western front: allies, or at least sort of allies, of the U.S. and its more respectable allies. They readily granted the Western nations such facilities as harbors, overflight rights, locations for satellite and other intelligence stations; they did as much reciprocal business as they could with the Western nations; and they resisted the spread of Communist power in the region.

The Southern Africa Accord

During the past two years Mozambique and Angola have been split off the Western front. Rhodesia has come under guerrilla attack from black nationalist forces supplied, in part trained, and infiltrated by Communist states, while both Rhodesia and South Africa have been under a Third World–Communist political attack.

The Kissinger solution is a Paris-type accord for Rhodesia—an agreement (shall we say?) to end the war and bring peace with honor in Rhodesia and southern Africa. The preamble was presented in Ian Smith's September 24 speech, with the full text and protocols scheduled to be churned out over the next year or so. (South Africa, as the harder nut to crack, is temporarily put aside.) The objectives of this accord, as Kissinger has explained them, are to 1) prevent bloody racial war, and 2) give Rhodesia, within two years, "majority [i.e., black] government" with "minority [i.e., white] rights." Ian Smith was franker than Secretary Kissinger in listing a third, somewhat crasser, objective: 3) "Dr. Kissinger assured me that we share a common aim and a common purpose, namely to keep Rhodesia in the free world and to keep it from Communist penetration."

The statement of intent is defensible, with a nice moral lilt. Unfortunately, it overlooks the real meaning of the U.S. policy turn that started with Kissinger's Lusaka speech last May. Its real meaning was summed up in the September 26 statement of the presidents of the front-line black nations: "The struggle of the people of Zimbabwe, the African and international solidarity in the implementation of sanctions, and the coordinated action of all anti-colonialist forces and states have together brought the isolation and collapse of the illegal racist minority regime in the British colony of Southern Rhodesia." They scornfully rejected the Kissinger accord as "tantamount to legalizing the colonialists and racist structures of power."

And why not? Once again we have abandoned an ally. The U. S. turn ensures the defeat of Rhodesia and the triumph of Zimbabwe. Why should the victors wait another two years to set up their rule? (Zambia's President Kaunda said six weeks was plenty of time.) Why should they suddenly become solicitous for the "minority rights" against which they have been struggling all these years? And why should the Communist nations and their agents and friends retire meekly from the Rhodesian scene merely because Secretary Kissinger gives anonymous warnings in a UN speech? They recall his warnings about what would happen if the Cubans didn't leave Angola pronto.

To fulfill the three objectives is possible. It would require billions of dollars, mostly from the U. S., plus western weapons and western soldiers, mostly from the U. S. Once again Kissinger will be blaming Congress when these don't appear.

An Ugly Ring

Julian Amery, member of the British parliament and Cabinet member in the last Conservative government, commented last May on the Lusaka speech:

"Dr. Kissinger's Lusaka speech and [Prime Minister] Callaghan's support of it have an ugly ring of the Munich Agreement. At Munich, Britain and France put pressure on the Czechs to surrender rather than face a Nazi attack. We hoped, naively as it proved, that sacrificing Czechoslovakia would save us from a confrontation with Hitler. Britain and the United States are now putting pressure on Rhodesia to surrender rather than face a guerrilla war, which would not get to first base without massive Soviet support in the shape of weapons, training, and instructors. We hope, even more naively, that by sacrificing Rhodesia, we may avoid a confrontation with the Soviet Union, such as we have just lost in Angola where the West was soundly defeated." □

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A REJOINDER

Sociological 'Religion' Versus Christianity

JOHN J. LYNCH

MR. PAUL WILLIAMS has, in the August 6 issue of *NR*, delivered himself of a strange set of assertions. His essay, with its title "The Severed Roots of American Christianity" and its opening *Introibo ad altare Dei*, seems to promise an inquiry into why faith in Christ is apparently declining in the United States. By the time it ends, however, we have waded through several sociological paragraphs interspersed with liturgical misrepresentations, and only a hint of authentic theology. He leaves the reader puzzling over which upsets him more: the erosion of Christianity a) as an American's only effective clue to his sociological niche or b) as a religion.

Mr. Williams' initial lament for the Tridentine liturgy gives way to a justifiably distressed look at the dip that polls tell us has occurred in Catholic and Protestant attendance at Sunday worship. "Something terrible has happened. The Christian in America, among the ruins of his religion, knows it." But he cannot say exactly what "it" is. Mr. Williams undertakes to enlighten him.

"We must acknowledge," he first warns, "that religion has played more of a sociological than a religious role in America throughout the twentieth century." The work of religion, as Dr. Herberg's researches have indicated, has been that of conferring "self-identity within the bewildering complexity of American society" rather than bringing people to God. In the face of all the influences that tended to homogenize immigrants, religion hung on as the one stronghold of "separatism." The new citizens and their descendants "innately understood the sociological importance of separatism. It was the American way of life."

That is, it was the American way of life until the "Don Quixotes intoxicated with the impossible dream of a universal church" came on the scene trumpeting ecumenism. Mr. Williams accordingly blasts the ecumenical movement and—at notably greater length—the elimination of Latin from the Mass. Vernacular liturgy, ecumenical worship, Protestant hymns, and nuns in short skirts left the "recalcitrant Catholic" so bewildered that he "could only finger his rosary in spite." The cause of his unhappiness is the Church's abrogation of "its sociological role."

Mr. Williams then connects the pollsters' revelations of loosening moral attitudes of Catholics with this "loss of self-identity." The issues he cites are the familiar combination of artificial contraception, extramarital sex, remarriage after divorce, and abortion. Blame for increasingly permissive Catholic opinions on these matters lands on the doorstep of "the changing Church . . . Catholics had been deceived. Their roots had not been planted in firm ground. The Absolute had become relative. There was no Rock for them to cling to or for Protestants to take a sighting from." Finally: "American Christians no longer knew their names."

Introibo

There you have it. But what are we to make of it? I shall attempt a run-through of Mr. Williams' major solecisms, and then a different estimate of what spawned the genuine evils he deplores.

As noted, Mr. Williams starts with *Introibo ad altare Dei*. The first sentence entirely his own reads, "The liturgy began—as it had always begun—when the priest approached the foot of the altar and recited these words." The parenthetical statement is false. The psalm verse in question did not start the Mass for most of its history; it was in fact not standardized until the sixteenth century, and then only in the Roman Rite.

Mr. Williams follows this up by alleging the abolition of incense, the silencing of bells, and the disappearance of statues, and he claims that "even the altar has gone. It has been replaced by a 'common table.'" Concerning the latter, I refer the reader to Nos. 259-70 of the Roman document on the new *Order of Mass*. The section knows nothing of a "common table"; the words "altar" and "table" occur 21 and six times respectively. In the rubrics throughout the remainder of this official ritual book, the altar is regularly called an altar.

Mr. Williams' statements on Latin challenged me to seek one adjective to describe them. I failed. Observe: "The elimination of Latin from the Mass struck a blow at the very nature of Catholicism." Hence, we gather, the participants in the Last Supper, the members of the Primitive Church, and the members of the Eastern Rites that remained in communion with Rome were other than "natural" Catholics. "It was Latin that made the Church a *mysticum corpus*"; but the New Testament, itself written in Greek, says that it is a union of believers in the Spirit with Christ their Head that makes the Church a *mysticum corpus* (mystical body). "It was Latin," says Mr. Williams, "that enabled Catholics to believe they belonged to a strange and mysterious society in which wondrous words were spoken, words meaningful only to its members." Is he implying that gnosticism, a secretive tendency vigorously condemned by the Church, was orthodox after all?

Over and over Mr. Williams lists real or imagined reforms of *nonessential* practices and reacts as if the Church had begun teaching Arianism as gospel truth.

It is very hard to resist concluding that Mr. Williams believes the separatism which he claims religion fostered in America to be a positive virtue. In fact, separatism within the pale of Christianity—the spectacle of Christians teaching a myriad of contradictory doctrines in the name of Christ and looking with contempt on "outsiders"—is a vice. It is a phenomenon almost as old as Christianity, of course, but it is a result of original sin. Any-

Father Lynch is a curate at the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea in the Bronx. He has a PhD in Latin and Greek from Fordham University.

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one reading John 17 or Ephesians 4 knows how radically alien separatism among Christians is to the Word of God.

Thus what Mr. Williams hails as the principal contribution of religion in America stems from a failure on the part of Christianity adequately to fulfill its mission. This emerges, unintentionally it seems, in one of his own key statements; the "major function" of religion in twentieth century America "has not been to bring one into the presence of a transcendent God, but rather to confer a sense of self-identity within the bewildering complexity of American society."

As a consequence, Mr. Williams errs in his attack on ecumenism. Christians who call Christ their Lord and sincerely desire to follow the promptings of the Spirit are obliged to seek healing for the divisions which have tragically obstructed the apostolic mission of the Church in the world. That some Catholics and Protestants have gone overboard in compromising can never undo this basic principle (any more than a political extremist can automatically invalidate the conservative or liberal position he caricatures). I should not even have to point out that there is no contradiction between a Catholic's acceptance of the authoritative teaching office of the Church and his experiencing profound glimpses into divine truth in the thought of members of other denominations. As a Catholic I offer in evidence a single name: C. S. Lewis.

Cheap Grace

We cannot dispute the fact that the decline of "separatism" has occurred side by side with an apparently widespread abandonment by Christians of Sunday worship and by Catholics of the Church's teachings on sexual morality and abortion. To blame Vatican II for this, however, is as valid as to say that the Church has anathematized statues and altars, or that Latin created the Mystical Body. There are at least two complementary reasons for the present state of Catholicism. One arose as an unnecessary by-product of the atmosphere generated by Pope John and the Council; the other has its roots in what we might term an "admissions-policy" defect of long standing.

Taking the latter first, we find Mr. Williams himself inadvertently hinting at it in his analysis of the role of religion in American life. To say that religion has been for most Americans a matter of belonging to a sociological grouping rather than a means of attaining to God is to announce the reason for the state in which the churches find themselves.

The most telling portrayal of this appears in *The Cost of Discipleship* by German theologian and martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer—an orthodox Christian despite the statements of a few religious non-experts. Bonhoeffer agonized over the failure of much of his Evangelical (Lutheran) Church to serve as a bulwark against Nazism. He rightly discerned that this failure was traceable to churchmen's emphasis on the routine bestowal of sacraments to the detriment of insistence on personal commitment to Christ and the gospel. He labeled this phenomenon "cheap grace."

> Cheap grace is the preaching of forgiveness without requiring repentance, baptism without church discipline, Communion without confession, absolution without personal confession. Cheap grace is grace without discipleship, grace without the cross, grace without Jesus Christ, living and incarnate.

Adherence to the solemn teachings of the Church follows on adherence to Christ, who founded the Church to teach in His name. Indifference or opposition to major facets of Christian living or belief signals that adherence to Christ is absent. Administering sacraments to those who lack faith, or allowing them to go on calling themselves Catholics—as if belief in Christ and the Church is objectively less important than "self-identity"—is a betrayal of Christ's commission to the Church, as well as a cruel deception of the indifferent themselves.

This—the existence of a vast number of "sociological Catholics" and the failure of the Church to do anything consistent and decisive about it—is the fundamental cause of the Church's distress. Once the Council enacted its reforms, which left the essential dogmatic position of the Church intact, numerous nominal Catholics who had been (out of superstition, social pressure, or inertia) going through minimal motions seized on the reforms as an excuse. They joined the already sizable army of those who, save for involuntary *pro forma* childhood sacraments, had not even been bothering with the motions.

We can co-opt Bonhoeffer's description of what happened to his own church almost without alteration for our discussion of the present-day Catholic Church:

> The price we are having to pay today in the shape of the collapse of the organized Church is only the inevitable consequence of our policy of making grace available to all at too low a cost. We gave away the word and sacraments wholesale, we baptized, confirmed, and absolved a whole nation unasked and without condition. Our humanitarian sentiments made us give that which was holy to the scornful and unbelieving. . . . But the call to follow Jesus in the narrow way was hardly ever heard. Where were those truths which impelled the early Church to institute the catechumenate, which enabled a strict watch to be kept over the frontier between the Church and the world, and afforded adequate protection for costly grace? . . . Cheap grace has turned out to be utterly merciless to our Evangelical Church.

Hierarchical Passivity

To repeat, all this began before Vatican II. Moreover, the sacramental reforms—especially the baptismal rites—which have been issued as a result of the Council make it clear that evangelization and *acceptance* of the gospel are necessary prerequisites for sacraments.

The bishops' conferences of most nations have failed to draw up uniform rules on matters of cheap grace, despite Vatican II's instructing them to do so. Predictably, there are plenty of cheap-grace parishes available to help sociological Catholics rest secure in their ungodly living. Which leads us to the second reason I am adducing for the Church's present condition: the episcopate's frustrating reluctance to exercise its authority in the face of persistent doctrinal, moral, liturgical, sacramental, and canonical aberrations—frequently well publicized.

The words of Vatican II, notably the passage which discusses collegiality (see *Lumen gentium* 22-23), provide no basis for hierarchical passivity. The atmosphere of the Council, admittedly, has, for numerous and complex reasons, contributed to it. Today one can appreciate a bishop's or a national hierarchy's hesitancy in taking a stand, especially a disciplinary one. The disobedient and the heterodox in the far corners of the traditionalist and the progressive camps have had an almost free rein. And, interacting with the sociological Catholics, have presented us with a bloody mess.

(Continues on page 1197)

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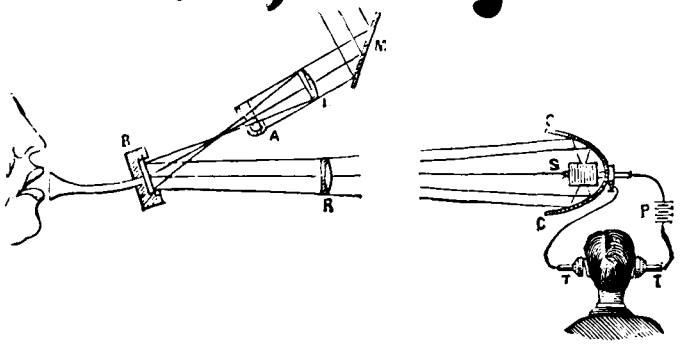
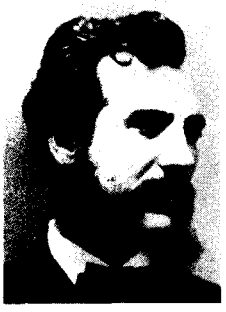
What's next, Professor Bell?



The photophone transmitted voices on a beam of light in 1880.



Alexander Graham Bell

"The greatest invention I have ever made; greater than the telephone." That's how Alexander Graham Bell rated his photophone, patented four years after the telephone, to transmit conversations on a beam of light. (Photophone = light-sound.) He actually demonstrated lightwave transmission of voices, but it would be nearly a century before it would become a practical reality.

The photophone was one of many ideas Bell proposed to improve the usefulness of his basic invention. Working with him on improvements were his assistants Thomas A. Watson, who received the world's first telephone call on March 10, 1876, and Charles S. Tainter. The sort of work they did would be called today "research and development".

Bell envisaged a telephone network linking the cities of the nation and eventually the whole world. But a voice could travel only a limited distance over a wire before it weakened and became inaudible. So the first phones depended heavily on lung power. It is no coincidence that we speak of telephone "calls", or that the word "hello", the standard greeting in phone conversations, is kin to "holler".

For years many people looked for a way to make a voice reach from coast to coast, including engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the parent company of the Bell System), and its manufacturing and supply arm, the Western Electric Company. Some telephone people were much interested by a paper read to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 20, 1906, by Dr. Lee de Forest. The paper described de Forest's new "audion" tube, a version of the vacuum tube used at that time in radio receiving sets. Basic theory told de Forest that his invention should detect *and amplify* tiny electric currents, such as those coming over the telephone

In 1886 this special telephone set was used for long distance calls.

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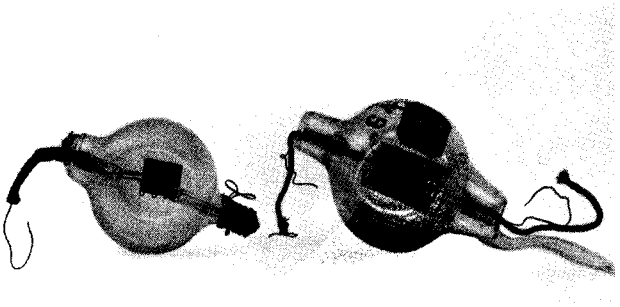
wire. But his early models failed at amplification. He continued working on his own. And telephone engineers pursued other solutions.

By 1912 de Forest was ready to demonstrate an improved audion that did operate as an amplifier, although imperfectly. In the group of telephone people assembled for one of de Forest's demonstrations was Harold D. Arnold, 29, a brilliant physicist hired the year before. Arnold identified at once the audion's major problem: the vacuum pump de Forest was using left too much air inside the tube, with the result that its performance was erratic and unpredictable. As a consequence of financial support by AT&T of the Bell System's research and development program, Arnold could obtain the newest pumping equipment and achieve a much higher vacuum, and within a year he had the amplifier needed. AT&T and Western Electric engineers made further circuit changes needed for telephony, AT&T management arranged for manufacture under de Forest's basic patent, and the amplifier went into production. On January 25, 1915, Bell in New York repeated to Watson in San Francisco his famous words, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."



Lee de Forest's audion and an improved version developed by H. D. Arnold for long distance telephony.

As the telecommunications industry grew, the vacuum tube was improved many times, but by the 1940s it was reaching its inherent limitations. Scientists at Bell Laboratories saw promise in a class of materials called semiconductors. From their carefully thought-out search came the discovery in 1947 of the transistor effect—the amplification and control of the flow of electrons in a solid material. Again the enormous problems of putting the discovery into practical form were far more quickly and expertly solved by collaboration between people at Bell Labs and Western Electric than could ever have been the case otherwise.

The story of the search for ways to strengthen telephone voices shows, in a rather simple way, many of the elements of the Bell System's research and development effort as it is carried on today: A perceived need in telephone operations. Corporate management that emphasizes service improvement. A commitment to exploration in relevant areas of basic science. A development effort, adequately funded, to move from discovery to practical use. Free exchange of information among people in research, development and manufacturing. And finally use of the discovery in equipment or a product to meet the need originally perceived. That final stage is what gives a laboratory discovery the right to be truly called an "innovation". And the expectation that applicable new knowledge will be used in the Bell System makes it possible to commit each year the millions of

H. D. Arnold

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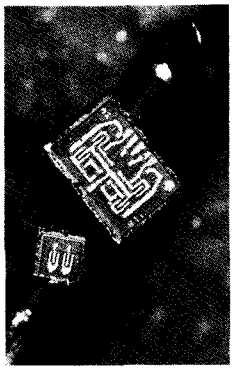
dollars necessary to search for it.

The amplifier story has an extra dimension, the use of innovations in many fields outside telephony. That is true of much Bell System research and development. It is corporate policy to publish new findings, to make new technology available to other companies through licensing arrangements, and to exchange technology with others. Vacuum tubes made possible radiotelephones, television broadcasting, improved phonographs and sound motion pictures. Scientists and engineers working for the Bell System made many contributions to all these innovations and the new industries that sprang from them. But the main objective of their investigations has been the improvement of the nation's telecommunications network and the myriad of services it provides.

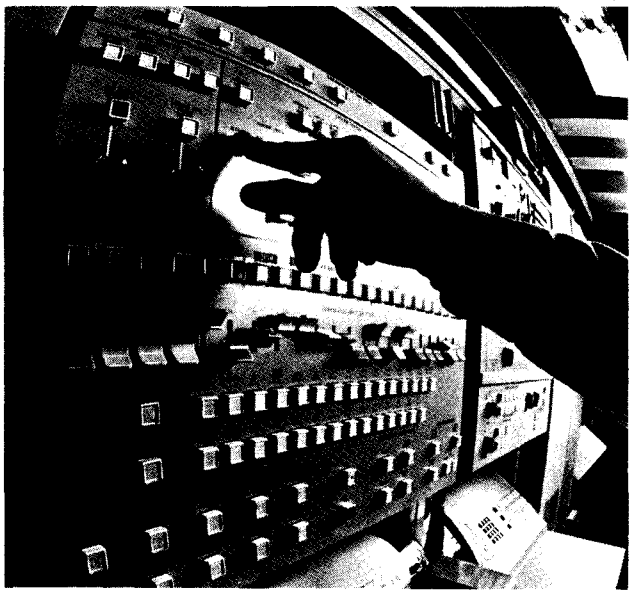
The transistor, in its turn, gave birth to the whole new industry of solid-state electronics. It made practical such developments as the large-capacity computer for data processing, high-speed transmission of data between computers, space travel and communications via space satellites. Most important for the ordinary telephone user, the transistor made possible a new generation of switching machines for routing calls to their destinations—machines controlled by instructions stored in changeable memories. These electronic switching systems, now being installed, are many times faster than the best electromechanical systems. They provide enormously increased capacity and flexibility to meet the growth needs of the 1980s.

It is characteristic of a technologically oriented industry that technology must be prepared in anticipation of needs. The search requires a huge investment, both of time and money. And success depends on careful planning and close coordination of effort, in a process that runs from basic scientific exploration through fundamental development work, specific design, manufacturing capability, distribution and delivery to the ultimate consumer. For many industries, including telecommunications, the process also includes activities in maintenance, servicing and operation.



The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in 1947. Today, thousands of transistors can be made on one tiny integrated circuit chip.

In the Bell System, that process involves twenty-three regional operating companies, plus Bell Labs, Western Electric and the Long Lines Department. All these parts share one goal: to provide telecommunications services at the lowest possible cost to everyone.



Electronic switching systems, now in wide use, provide high speed and flexibility for the nation's telecommunications needs.

Such cooperation produces results.

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According to the June 28, 1976, issue of *Business Week*:

By almost any measure, Bell Labs has contributed more to the telecommunications industry and more to the U.S. economy than any other research establishment....A major part of Bell Labs' charter is to keep well ahead in technology so that no significant development applicable to telecommunications will be unavailable to the Bell System. The bargaining power made available through extensive patent holdings gives AT&T ready access to the inventions of others when the company needs them.

Since 1925, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric have received more than 24,000 U.S. patents, which have been made widely available to all of U.S. industry and the world.

Bell System research and development work is well underway on new communications technologies to meet the needs of telephone service in the future. For example, Bell scientists and engineers are now working on a practical way to use lightwaves for communications. They have already developed pinpoint light sources—light-emitting diodes, and lasers no larger than a grain of sand. (Both projects benefited from earlier Bell research on semiconductors.) To carry

Lightwave communications technology, now being tested, uses new solid-state light sources and glass fibers to transmit phone calls.

light around corners, or under city streets, they are using tiny strands of ultra-transparent glass called "lightguides." Right now an experimental lightwave communications system is being tested by Bell Labs and Western Electric engineers in Atlanta. Light and glass may one day join electricity and copper wire in the nationwide telecommunications network, and we may in fact "talk by light". Those are Alexander Graham Bell's words, describing his photophone.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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A Conservative Senator In New York

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Six years ago, at a party, I was introduced to the man who would soon be elected the junior senator from New York. Although he was fast becoming a celebrity, he seemed to me uncomfortable with the attention his presence attracted, not at all at ease in the role of Very Important Person.

But I was introduced as an Alaskan, and for a few moments he turned from the political business at hand and began to talk about the musk ox. He had helped to transplant musk oxen to mainland Alaska for the natives there to raise. There had been romance for him in the project, and he was immensely relieved to recall it for a moment or two and discuss it with someone who just might be peripherally interested. I decided then he would never make a politician.

Now that he has served almost a full term in the Senate, I feel that I was right in one way, but wrong in another. He was not born, as natural politicians are, with what Norman Mailer calls "that unholy if curious passion to expose oneself." And he still finds it difficult to wrap himself in that cloak of public personality that politicians put on to protect the private self. Nor is he capable of grandstanding.

On the other hand, in Washington it is felt by most that he is the most respected of the first-term senators. He is the only first-termer whose views are seriously sought out and publicized, and it is generally agreed that as a major Washington spokesmen for conservative principles he has acquired a national following. He is the only first-term senator to serve as a ranking minority member of a committee (Public Works), and the only freshman included in a listing by staff legislative assistants of the brightest and hardest working members of the Senate.

In a sense, Buckley's weakness as a politician is also his strength as a senator. He is exactly what he seems to be, a rare quality indeed in a city where John Mitchell's memorable apothegm, watch what we do and not what we say, has become definitive.

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, a liberal's liberal—and a contender in the five-way Democratic senatorial primary in New York—puts it this way: "To a very high degree, James Buckley says what he thinks and does what he says. He's honest with himself. You know where he stands." Clark was talking about a man who might, a month hence, have been his opponent.

And Jack Anderson, not given to lauding conservative Republicans, had this to say in a special rating report in which he voted Buckley one of the ten best senators:

> His steel-grey crew cut and baggy, narrow-lapeled suit don't fit in with the colorful swirl of fashionable clothes and styled hair that have become the uniform of the political up-and-coming . . . An intellectual conservative, Buckley has labored to lessen the role of government in the lives of citizens . . . Buckley has taken the Republican line on many issues, but he is far from doctrinaire. He's joined with liberals to fight for many environmental causes, and he helped establish a three-member review board to review special-interest projects pushed by other senators. Reasonable and civilized, Buckley can be counted on to think things through before casting his vote. His integrity, intelligence, and independence are widely admired by his colleagues.

Because the estimate of his accomplishment and abilities is uniformly high, cutting across ideological and political lines, the opinion in Washington, when Mrs. Abzug was perceived as his most likely opponent, was that he would be a shoo-in. Outside of West Side Manhattan and a few university campuses, Mrs. Abzug's statewide appeal is minimal. But Buckley is now pitted against one of the nation's great showmen, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a man who takes nourishment from adoring crowds and who relishes the celebrity role.

It will be a tough race for an incumbent conservative Republican in a liberal Democratic state, and Buckley knows it. He has taken on a gruelling campaign schedule, six days a week whenever possible with numerous stops each day—gruelling by any standard, and especially so for a man who does not relish the campaign hoop-la. But he is driven by the feeling that if he loses he will leave unfinished business, and by the conviction that those conservative principles for which he stands, and for which there are fewer and fewer spokesmen of national stature, are essential as a counterforce against an increasingly dominant philosophy of governmental intervention.

His greatest strength on the campaign trail may be that the views he has upheld for the past six years have just now become acceptable, even popular. Jimmy Carter, for instance, inveighs against federal intervention in family life,

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something of central concern to Buckley since he first took office. And as proof, he can point to his bill which gives parents the right to inspect their children's school records, and to his fight against federally financed and controlled day-care centers.

Another issue is abortion. The Right to Life movement has raised a powerful voice in the political dialogue, and candidates are rushing to convince the voter that they, too, loathe killing the unborn. Here again, Buckley can point to his long-held and consistent position as a leader of the movement to ban abortion and the author of a right-to-life constitutional amendment.

The quality of American education has become a prime

concern, as headlines announce that children are learning less while public schooling is costing more. Buckley has proposed that tuition to private schools and public colleges be tax-deductible, and he favors a voucher system, under which families would be reimbursed for taxes spent on education, should they seek more satisfactory alternatives to the public school system.

On all the issues that are being discussed this year—family life, the primacy of the individual, excessive taxation to pay for programs that don't work, education, the environment, growing Soviet military superiority—Buckley can claim to have been there first. Long before Jimmy Carter found that there was political pay dirt in the issue, Buckley was campaigning on an anti-Washington platform.

Nevertheless, 40 per cent of the state vote is a New York City vote, and Buckley is being attacked there as the man who voted against a federal bail-out. He replies that he voted only against the first plan, which was a demonstrably bad one, and that the best way to help the city is to improve the health of the economy generally, which he is working to do.

He was, for instance, among those who opened up the highway trust fund, thereby providing New York a source of money for public transportation; he has worked to restore the jobs of policemen and firemen and construction workers; he has advocated tax deductions for city apartment dwellers to parallel the deductions home owners get for interest on their mortgages; and he voted against allowing the SST to land at Kennedy. He can also argue, legitimately, that by voting against the first bail-out program he helped prevent massive federal intervention and possibly total federal control over the city.

Moynihan, notwithstanding, will continue to depict Buckley as one who told New York City to drop dead, and there is no doubt that it is an effective line of attack. But whether it packs sufficient political wallop to carry Moynihan to the Senate is less certain. Moynihan won nomination only after a bitter and divisive primary fight, during which liberals such as Pamela Harriman, wife of W. Averell Harriman, told a *Washington Post* reporter that Moynihan was a "buffoon" with too much "alcohol in his head." Such words are difficult to take back, and they point to a deep animosity which grows out of what many liberals believe to have been Moynihan's sell-out of principles by working for Richard Nixon. Many of them quote from a letter he wrote to Nixon, loaded with praise and compliments. Many liberals also remember the important article, "The Presidency and the Press," which he wrote for *Commentary* some years back. The piece, an intellectual extension of Spiro Agnew's Des Moines remarks, in which Moynihan attacked the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* for liberal bias, deeply impressed the then Vice President.

Now that the Liberal Party of New York, after a long delay, has come out for Moynihan, there is little doubt that he will pull the bulk of the liberal vote. Among the most alienated of them, however—the Abzug-Harriman-Amanda Burden liberal-chic coalition—there is a good chance that the turnout on election day will be minimal.

COULD BUCKLEY himself drain off any liberal votes? On the face of it, a ludicrous idea. But some liberals could vote for him on the environmental issue, an issue that is extremely important among followers of both Ramsey Clark and Bella Abzug. Among some of the same people—especially Clark supporters—Buckley's early call for the resignation of Richard Nixon, viewed by many at the time as political suicide, might siphon off some votes. Many liberals recall that Buckley was risking his political career when Moynihan was still in Nixon's corner.

Moynihan has strong union support; the rank and file responds to his scrappy, captivating style. Yet even here he could run into trouble as the campaign unfolds. He has a strange, plummy accent with professorial overtones, in contrast to which Buckley's clipped accent sounds comfortably down to earth. Whether such things affect elections significantly will be the subject for a hundred PhDs. But many believe they do.

On a more substantive level, there is no doubt that Moynihan's eloquent defense of Israel in the UN will help enormously in the City. True, Buckley's record as a friend of Israel in the Senate has been impeccable, and his efforts on behalf of persecuted Jews in the Soviet Union are well known and appreciated within the Jewish community. Because of this record, and because a good many of New

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York's Jewish voters are among the most intelligently conservative in the nation, Buckley can expect some Jewish support. But the dramatic impact of Moynihan's UN remarks, coming as they did when Israel was under attack from all quarters, guarantees him a whopping majority among Jewish voters.

The context within which those remarks were made will also lose Moynihan black votes, however. Many blacks, already alienated by that "benign neglect" memo to Nixon, suspect that Moynihan's remarks were motivated less by concern for Israel than by a total contempt for the (largely black) nations of the Third World. Political analysts believe that many blacks who do not ordinarily vote will do so this year, drawn to the polls by Carter's candidacy. If so, black New Yorkers are expected to split tickets heavily.

All in all, it would have been far easier for Buckley to have run against Mrs. Abzug this year. The contrasts between them, not only philosophically but also in matters of style, taste, and appearance, would have been striking. But Buckley insists that the contrast between himself and Moynihan is just as sharp.

In the Senate, says Buckley, Moynihan would "join the pack of those who feel there is a federal answer to every problem."

Moynihan, he says, is the quintessential academic, and he fears "that academic mentality which views the government as a machine to play with in order to enact academic theories of what might or might not be in the public interest."

It would be ironic if New York sent a man to the Senate pledged to carry out the very same sort of programs that brought New York City to the brink in the first place

Buckley believes there are two forces at work in Washington: one which demands increased control over individual lives; and one which opposes those controls and attempts to lessen them. Moynihan, Buckley feels, wholeheartedly endorses the first approach, and his service in the Nixon Administration seems in no way to contradict this view.

"Professor Moynihan was the guardian of President Johnson's Great Society programs within the Nixon Administration," says Buckley. And though during that period Moynihan began to flirt with conservative ideas, Buckley believes that under the pressures of the Senate—quite different from pressures within the intellectual and academic communities—Moynihan would quickly line up with the forces of federal intervention.

In the Senate, Buckley believes, Moynihan would be one of the nation's most articulate exponents of stepped-up spending. And the record seems to bear him out.

Moynihan has at various times indicated that, among other things, he favors some form of national health insurance; the "concept" of Humphrey-Hawkins; a guaranteed annual income; federally funded day-care centers and early-education programs. Such proposals, along with the other programs the Democrats have pledged to support in their platform, would, say the slide rule experts, add $700 billion to federal outlays by 1980. It would be ironic, Buckley believes, that at precisely the moment when tightly centralized socialist governments are demonstrating their inability to function in nations such as Sweden and Great Britain the Democratic Party should be offering a program that will bring us to the same breaking point. It would be ironic if New York were to send to the Senate a man pledged to carry out the very same sort of programs that brought New York City to the fiscal brink in the first place.

Buckley wants to debate Moynihan on these issues, and despite Moynihan's famous silver tongue, it should be a good show. Buckley may not be at ease selling himself on the stump, but he is totally at home on the issues. He has thought them through and, when discussing them in depth, he demonstrates a confidence and sense of self which underscores his reputation for integrity.

AND INDEED, given the mood of the nation this year, integrity and character may be *the* issues. If so, Moynihan is going to face certain problems growing out of what many view as his erratic performance over the past decade. It will be difficult, for instance, to explain a statement Moynihan made on *Face the Nation* just before resigning from the UN last spring:

> I would consider it dishonorable to leave this post and run for any office, and I hope it would be understood that if I do, the people—the voters to whom I would present myself in such circumstances—would consider me as having said in advance that I am a man of no personal honor to have done so.

If it were simply a matter of integrity, Buckley could stop campaigning tomorrow. But people have to be exposed to that integrity, and so Buckley must continue to stump the state, something that at this stage in the campaign he does a bit less than deftly. During a typical upstate campaign swing in September, for instance, Buckley arrived late for a press conference at a Treadway motel because his driver had taken a wrong turn and gotten lost. The day before he got stuck in traffic, missed an Albany flight, and had to scrap several scheduled appearances.

Outside the motel where a press conference will be held he is met by a right-to-life group.

"We just really want to thank you," says one mother. "We really think that if a man isn't interested in protecting a little tiny baby then he isn't interested in protecting grown people either."

Buckley smiles warmly but seems a little uncomfortable with the praise. "Bless you," he murmurs, and sidesteps to the microphones, where he answers reporters' questions easily and intelligently.

His confidence slips only once, when he is asked a Moynihan-inspired question about his attendance record, until this year one of the best in the Senate. But this summer he has been hospitalized with viral pneumonia and has been bed-bound for a fortnight and consequently has missed a number of votes. He seems slightly wounded by the question, as if he feels guilty about having fallen sick.

But he rallies quickly. Does he favor a national lottery? "I am in favor of . . ." and he thinks for a moment—

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whether to grope for words or out of a sense of theater—"of national prudence."

After the press conference, he is whisked to a shopping center where he speaks from the bed of a pick-up truck. His speech, a basic statement of the issues, makes little concession to the fact that he is standing in a rough truck or that shoppers would generally rather be entertained than informed.

Then off to a country home where a neighborhood coffee klatch has been arranged for him. People gather round and he talks to them individually and at length, although he seems truly to enjoy himself only when an elderly farm wife tells him she likes his brother better. That clearly amuses him.

After a great deal of flesh-pressing and picture-taking, he climbs a set of rickety stairs to a home-made platform and gives a short and serious talk on the family, freedom, values, inflation, defense, federal intrusion. Again, no attempt to make them laugh or make them angry. Instead, he simply tells them about what he is doing in Washington and what he'll do if re-elected.

The Senate is a fine place for orators, but there must be those others who are willing to work quietly at solving the problems the orators declaim upon to the press gallery

Later, across the street in a modest home, Buckley is scheduled for an hour of rest. The hostess asks what everyone would like to drink and one of Buckley's aides asks for beer. She starts—this is not her idea of the drinking habits of senators—and returns with bottles of Jim Beam Choice and Chivas Regal. One suspects their purchase will have put a considerable dent in her weekly budget.

After showing him a photo album of pictures from local craft fairs, she leaves Buckley and his staff in the small living room. He lies down on the floor and tries to loosen up his back muscles; he has chronic back troubles. Campaigning depletes him. He is not able, as are many politicians, to draw strength and support from the crowds, and their adoration seems in fact to sap his energies. He is in no way aloof or disdainful, but while campaigning he is a celebrity, and it's a role in which, after five and a half years, he is still uncomfortable. When he is forced to become a personage he becomes tense, his muscles kink up, and he wishes he were somewhere else.

He winces slightly when a staffer tells him proudly that his shopping center speech had been piped through all the stores in the mall, and he wonders if those shoppers who had not come out to hear him ought not to have been left in peace. His staffers insist otherwise, but he remains unconvinced.

There are calls to be made, politics to be discussed, and then there is a brief hiatus, and he talks about Alaska again. In the Navy, he says, he dreamed of homesteading there, and even had his spot picked out on the Kenai Peninsula. He still hopes to experience full winter in the Arctic, he says. He talks about a whale hunt he went on at the invitation of an Eskimo village, and he admits that whale blubber is an acquired taste.

He remembers that I am writing an article about him. "I feel I should be talking great profundities," he says with just a trace of embarrassment. But I quickly turn the subject to musk ox. He seems sad for just a moment, and says that he has not had time to keep up with the program but hears it is falling apart. I remember his enthusiasm six years earlier, and suddenly wish he could forget about Washington altogether.

"Do you like it in the Senate?" I ask.

"It's not really a very pleasant place to work," he answers, but then goes on to point out that it isn't the work itself, but rather the constant interruptions that make it difficult to get the work done. There is no time, he says, as there once was, to read and reflect, to think through an idea and then to work to see the idea translated into comprehensive legislation. And also, he says, it's hard being a conservative senator from a minority party, because you must spend so much time fighting programs rather than creating them. It's much easier to come home and tell voters that you have pushed this and this and this huge federal program through for them, than it is to tell them that you have successfully fought measures which could cost them "x" billions of tax dollars.

Then he talks about some of the things he would like to do during the next six years. And although I am a registered Democrat and will vote for Carter in November, and although I think Moynihan attractive, I find myself hoping very much that Buckley will return to the Senate. The Senate is a fine place for orators, but beneath the rhetoric, there must be those others who are willing to work quietly and steadily at solving the problems the orators declaim upon to the press gallery.

An aide tells him that it's time to leave for a harness-racing track which is holding a Jim Buckley night, and where Buckley will present a cup to the winner of the third race. As Buckley rises regretfully I wonder how many competent and dedicated men the campaign process has turned off and weeded out. It would be great, I think, if it didn't weed out this one. □

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POLITICS '76

Wooing the Good Ole Boys

WILLIAM MURCHISON

THE DALLAS liquor-store manager, blue jeans, sideburns, and all, minded not a bit being asked his choice in the Democratic presidential primary. He grinned lopsidedly. "I'm goin' to vote for the peanut man. That's one politician I like." The primary is now long past, but the allure of Jimmy Carter lingers among those whom the writers of trendy articles diagnosing the New South are wont to call "good ole boys": the clerks, the mechanics, the lovers of progressive country music. It is the good ole boys of Texas who may decide where 26 prized electoral votes go—to the peanut man or to the President. At best, the decision will be desperately close.

What's the matter? Surely Texas is one of the Union's most conservative states. And what has the peanut man done lately for conservatism? The questions are appropriate, but they do not quite get at the essence of the Carter thing. That essence, for many Texans, is not issues. It is style. And that is a melancholy fact for conservatives in this linch-pin "Southern strategy" state to reflect upon.

IT'S NOT that good ole Texas boys are deeply enamored of Carter. They are not especially enamored of anyone. Carter is widely regarded as an amiable sort. He smiles winningly, has a nice family, and seems honest. Now the President—there's a nice fellow, too. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Texas is massively Democratic, save at moments when this or that Democrat, usually a presidential candidate, seems too tough a morsel to swallow. Jimmy Carter, smiling son of the Georgia soil, simply does not look like such a mouthful.

Notwithstanding the Democratic ascendancy, Texas' place in Republican presidential victory coalitions has almost come to be taken for granted. So long ago as the Hoover-Smith election of 1928, Texans bolted the party of their fathers in retribution for its having chosen—in Houston, of all places! —a wet Catholic city-slicker. In 1952 and 1956, Governor Allan Shivers, a hind-legs Democratic conservative of a caliber infrequently seen nowadays, led his state into the Eisenhower column. Only by 39,000 votes did Hubert Humphrey carry Texas in 1968—at least in part because Lyndon Johnson finally coaxed Governor John Connally, then a Democrat, into a platform appearance with the Hump. But in '72 the state recanted, smothering George McGovern 2 to 1. The pattern might have been expected to continue, world without end: social and economic conservatives linking hands to foil Democratic presidential aspirations.

The economic conservatives are still pretty well in line. They fear what Carter might do to the economy and to the oil industry. It is the social conservatives who are cause for worry. The good-ole-boy vote is going to have to be shown that Carter has a lot of pointy-headed Yankee notions—quite contrary to their perceptions during the spring primary.

In charge of showing up Carter is John Connally, head of the Ford campaign in Texas. Connally's role is absolutely critical. He is wildly popular with the economic conservatives; at the same time, here is a man who plainly knows the front end of a cow from the back end. No Texan—assuredly not Lyndon Johnson—has been more popular with more social groupings than Connally.

So far, so good. But then it must be remembered that Texas' social conservatives have no particular brief for the President. Such of them as voted in the Republican primary helped boost Ronald Reagan to a thumping victory. The attack that Connally leads on Carter, then, must be broad-gauged and unrelenting. So the gentleman won't lift a finger to stop racial-balance busing. So he believes the Vietnam War was "racist" and, further, wants a whack at the military budget. So he would abolish state right-to-work laws, hand out government-guaranteed jobs, and raise taxes for health insurance. Such are the points that will have to be dinned into Texan ears.

A plus factor for Ford is the surprising harmony of Texas Republicans; the primary race and the national Convention left scars, but these are healing. A September party convention attended largely by Reaganites refused, if by a narrow margin, to replace the able state chairman, Ray Hutchison, who was neutral in the primary, with the chairman of the Reagan delegation to Kansas City.

Nor are the Democrats so united as one might suppose. The liberals, clasping Carter to their bosoms, are making their most strenuous effort yet to take control of the party; naturally this does not endear their man to the party conservatives. Governor Dolph Briscoe, a conservative, has climbed down from his enthusiastic prediction of early August that Carter would wallop in Texas any Republican challenger whatsoever. Briscoe now says the independent vote will decide the contest.

SO THE opportunity for a Ford victory is there. But the nettle must be grasped. Ford's strategists—including his latest campaign manager, Houston lawyer James Baker—must understand that voter contentment with the economic status quo will get the Ford-Dole ticket just so far. The social issue—and never mind Carter's down-home demeanor or his reassuring accent—can be made to matter just as much as economics. That is perhaps what worries Briscoe, as he ponders a possible flight of independents to the Republican standard. It was these independents who collaborated with defecting Democrats to do in McGovern.

But in '72 they were animated by disgust at much of what McGovern stood for. That a good ole boy like Carter is another McGovern will be impossible to demonstrate. That the two hold disturbingly numerous convictions in common is far easier to show, and deadly enough, perhaps, in the end. The trouble is that so little time remains until November, and that so many good ole boys remain unreached and unpersuaded. □

Mr. Murchison is on the staff of the Dallas Morning News.

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ADVICE TO REPUBLICANS

Populist View On Opposing Carter

ROBERT W. WHITAKER

Cowpox is a very real disease, and the milkmaids who used to get it were irritated by the fever and upset stomach it caused. They were even more annoyed by the slight but permanent scarring it left. It was only after Jenner discovered that having had cowpox immunized one against smallpox that the milkmaids realized they had cause to be thankful for the mild sickness, real as it was, and the slight cowpox scars.

Carter cowpox is the disease by which the liberal Establishment is seeking to immunize itself against death from the spreading plague of populism. Carter is a mild and superficial, but genuine, populist. His Southernness, Christianity, and patriotism are afflictions both painful and disfiguring to the party of Teddy Kennedy, Bella Abzug, and George McGovern. Four years ago, these political bellwethers of the liberal Establishment would have spontaneously shrieked the likes of Jimmy Carter off the platform. They would have shut him up in the name of Free Speech.

But the electorate is tired of being slaughtered by "rehabilitated" criminals and "cured" psychopaths. The people are showing signs of rising against the whole education–welfare establishment, which milks them of tens of billions of dollars annually for programs which are, at best, useless. Thus the Establishment's political milkmaids seek the Carter cowpox avidly in 1976. Real populists wish liberalism a plague and not a mild fever. Hence, as a practicing populist, I offer advice to others who also wish the pox on that parasite and its operatives.

Both Ford and Reagan recognized the populist undercurrent as anti-liberal and attempted to make use of it. They did not fully understand the impulse itself, nor is there any reason that they should have. But Carter makes immediate expertise vital. To tap the populist reservoir against a McGovern requires no subtlety or populist expertise. Carter, by contrast, requires expertise and subtlety in great measure, for he has not only some genuine if minor populist assets, he has populist expertise in plenty. Carter, Mondale, Kennedy, and McGovern all know that if the Democrats can make a good showing among the populist lower middle class in 1976 —a segment of the population traditionally Democratic to start with—they will crush the GOP in November.

Conservatives are masters at doing battle with the commentator on the TV screen, at getting behind and exposing the lies flecked with greed that commentators use. But it is not the commentator and those he controls who now constitute the major object of political attention. It is, instead, the type of person who, when the TV breaks down, you call to fix it. Mechanics, TV repairmen, linemen—like frontiersmen —understand one point above all others: a thing works, or a thing does not work. A major factor in Carter's appeal to them is his farm and nuclear-physics background. Though a Reagan or a Ford says that a thing is impractical or wrong, they will tend to believe Jimmy if he says that it will *work*. To make matters worse, to accuse Carter of lying or being dishonest is to ask for trouble. Carter is, within the limits of human and political nature, a very honest man, an obviously honest man. Usual conservative attacks on the honesty or the workableness of opposition programs will be largely ineffective with the populist voters who must be reached. Is the situation then hopeless?

The Ridicule Route

The answer lies in that greatest of populist assets, common sense. How can a man be, like Carter, both honest and superficial? The answer is simple: Carter does not *claim* to be anything but superficial. He will not reduce government, he will reorganize it. The alphabet game in Moscow, Washington, or the U.S. Postal Service makes it easy to demonstrate to all that "reorganization" is the oldest, tiredest dodge in the book. It is used by every bureaucratic organizer everywhere.

My first recommendation, therefore, is the prompt application of light and constant ridicule to the "We will reorganize" dodge. Jimmy is bluffing with a pair of deuces.

This tactic of ridicule is not the same as demanding that Carter "take a stand." Many a newspaper, after one Carter primary victory or another, stated that Carter would have to "face the issues." The fact is that Carter is doing very well not facing them. The most likely scenario for the remainder of the campaign is that the Republicans will keep on demanding that Carter take a stand, as John W. Davis did in his campaign against Coolidge in 1924, with the same result: total defeat. Better to force him to defend what he has said than to try to force him to abandon an approach he will not abandon. If Carter is elected, he will, like Coolidge, be elected for what he is not—not part of the ruling liberal clique, not a Republican—and Carter knows that.

Lies and Taxes

Point two is how to handle the "tax reform" promise. Carter, the honest man, the practical man, does claim big in one area: tax reform. Here again, no need to denigrate his honesty or impugn his practicality. Senator Goldwater started off inauspiciously when he stated, "More lies are told about tax reform than about any other issue in politics." The Senator is right, of course, but not in this case. Instead, phrase it this way: Carter says he can get a complete overhaul of the tax system, an accomplishment his heroes Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, and above all Johnson could not achieve. Johnson, a legislative mastermind with a Democratic majority as large as today's, could not get such a reform beyond the committee stage.

Carter is not impractical on tax reform. He is ignorant. He is not dis-

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Mr. Whitaker is Director of the Populist Forum and author of A Plague on Both Your Houses, *which was reviewed in the September 3* NR.

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The New Euphoria

In Western Europe there are distinct signs of euphoria engendered by the Communist Summit in East Berlin. At this meeting, the leaders of the crucial Western Communist parties—the French, Italian, and Spanish—gave convincing speeches about their conversion to democracy, liberalism, and modified capitalism. But, somewhat puzzlingly, the Muscovites in East Berlin hardly protested these deviationist trends.

How should one evaluate this evolution? Conservatives tended to poohpooh the rift between Moscow and Peking as a put-up job designed to fool the West. By now it is quite evident that this was not just a piece of the time-honored Chinese sport of shadowboxing, but the real thing—the purely ideological element, of course, taking a back seat to more important issues of nationalism and territory. The turnabouts of the Italian, French, and Spanish Communist parties, however, would appear to have no such geopolitical motivation. In order to arrive at a sane judgment, therefore, we must undertake a close scrutiny of the Socialist-Communist camp, past and present.

The present-day Socialists, Social Democrats, and Laborites are all descended from Karl Marx (although, in recent years, a number of Socialists have split off and become true Social *Democrats*—e.g., the wing of the German SPD led by Helmut Schmidt, and the moderate wing of the British Labor Party, typified by Roy Jenkins). At their London meeting of 1903 the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party split into two distinct groups: the more radical majority (the Bolsheviks) and the more moderate minority (the Mensheviks). In February of 1918 the victorious Bolsheviks changed their name to "Communists," the original label used by Marx-Engels. While the old doctrine underwent various watering-down processes in the Socialist/Social Democratic/Laborite camp, the Bolsheviks stuck to a sort of Marxian orthodoxy. Presently Maoism split off in another direction—in some ways, at least, it is much more radical than Leninism.

The net result of all this is the proliferation of different kinds of Marxism with varying degrees of attachment to the teachings of Karl Marx. This splitting-up is often rashly considered a good thing by anti-Marxists—rashly because the "tame" forms of Socialism are able insidiously to introduce collectivist-statist notions into the fabric of Western society, whereas undiluted Marxism would be resisted. Many a Briton or American believes that Social Democrats are just democrats with a sense of social responsibility. The fact that the Bolsheviks were the Social Democrats' radical wing is not remembered—although, when Laborites sing in unison, as they did in Parliament this spring, "The people's flag is dark and red, dipped in the blood of martyrs," it should give pause.

The hard fact remains that a common ancestry occasionally attracts Mensheviks to Bolsheviks. In Germany and Austria we see the Jusos (Young Socialists) casting longing glances toward Moscow; in France there is a Popular Front of Socialists and Communists; in Italy the Socialists insisted that the Communists be taken into the government; in Spain the Socialists demand that the Communist Party be legalized; in Chile we have seen Socialists and Communists in the most intimate embrace. They seem to be following a sort of call of the wild, like Jack London's husky, drawn to the wolves from whom he descended.

So what went on in East Berlin, where the Italian, French, and Spanish Communist parties made such a strong show of independence? The East Berlin meeting was, in a sense, a sequel to the Helsinki East-West conference, whose impressive decisions and stipulations have been, as the skeptics anticipated, rarely adhered to by the East. Helsinki was intended merely to lull the West, and the East Berlin meeting had precisely the same purpose. If these Communist leaders—Berlinguer and Marchais and Carrillo—are to come to power, they must do it through the ballot box. The Free World must be lulled, as it was by Helsinki: goulash Communism will win more votes than Gulag Communism.

Let us be fair: there can be and there are Communist Party members who dream of "Communism with a Human Face," who sympathized with the Prague Spring. But how powerful are they in their parties? An Italian leftist of my acquaintance—who promoted Berlinguer's "historic compromise" and was outraged by Chancellor Schmidt's warning that Italy would get no further loans if she had Communists officially in the government—has his doubts. Berlinguer is to him Europe's greatest living statesman, yet he is worried about the machine politicians who still might be Stalinists.

The question is this: What would happen if the Soviet war machine were to be set in motion? Would the Popular Fronters collaborate with the Kremlin, or stand up for Western freedom? Would they not listen to the "call of the wild," as so many Socialists have done in the past?

Is there or isn't there a true change of heart in the Western Communist parties? The answer is simple: what has happened in the *hearts* of the leaders is impossible to decide, but there is no question that such a change would be profitable at the polls, and therefore must be viewed with suspicion. Furthermore, that entire parties have had such a change of heart is highly improbable. The percentage of "changelings" within the parties cannot even be guessed, and to base serious strategic calculations on the rash assumption that whole Communist parties are now Social Democrats would be suicidal.

Could the entire development have been shrewdly staged by the Kremlin in order to transform its ideological allies into Trojan horses? Unlikely, but not unimaginable: and the Soviet calmness in the face of their Western brethren's declarations of independence implies that whether or not it was their idea, they are not terribly frightened by it. As the German proverb says: *Pack schlägt sich, Pack verträgt sich*: Cads' fighting, when ended, is soon mended. □

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See No Evil

GERHART NIEMEYER

AT THE PRESENT historical moment the Free World is playing for truly enormous stakes. A few false moves can lead to a yawning abyss. No course of action holds out great hopes of success. Yet one would not arrive at that conclusion by listening to the speeches of our statesmen, or looking into the faces of our citizens, or scanning the pages of our newspapers. We are not dancing on the edge of a volcano: we are sitting and grinning, good-naturedly but idiotically, at the very rim of hellfire.

Why can we not see it? The world, to our minds, is in an age of bustle, programs, platforms, scientific progress, humanitarianism, and revolutions which improve nothing, an age of progressive degradation. The show is multicolored but boring, exciting but meaningless, entertaining but not rousing.

Our malaise has often been attributed to loss of faith. In the deeper sense this must be true. More immediately, however, one may say that what bars us from any vision, what robs leaders and peoples of any achievement, is the loss of the sense of good and evil. T. S. Eliot ("Baudelaire," 1930) quotes: "*La volupté unique et suprême de l'amour gît dans la certitude de faire le mal*," adding: "Baudelaire has perceived that what distinguishes the relations of man and woman from the copulation of beasts is the knowledge of Good and Evil (of *moral* Good and Evil which are not natural Good and Bad or Puritan Right and Wrong). . . . The worst that can be said of most of our malefactors, from statesmen to thieves, is that they are not men enough to be damned."

IF I SAY that our immediate problem is the loss of a sense of good and evil rather than the loss of faith, it is because morality usually survives the atrophy of its generating sources for a considerable time. Victorian morality was no longer alive to the Christian awareness that goodness consists in turning to God and sin in turning to self. All the same, it retained some sensitivity to the transcendent dimension of good and evil. There also, however, ran in it an undercurrent of naturalism, which broke the surface in our century.

For a short while the experience of Nazism seemed to arrest its development. Niebuhr's shift from liberal theology to neo-orthodoxy was typical of what went on in many sensitive minds: evil had appeared in history with such mental and emotional energy that people were again inclined to accept a satanic reality as well as a divine order of goodness. They realized that they faced not merely a political but a metaphysical decision. Alas, that wave petered out. Not only did we lose the peace, we failed to grasp the mental and spiritual lessons of Nazism. Hurling epithets at Hitler is easy, and nowadays anybody we disapprove of merits the designation "fascist." We have not, however, deeply searched for the changes the Nazi experience should have made in our image of God, man, and the world. Have we a right to denounce something that grew in our midst if we ourselves have not changed course?

Not only have we not changed course, we have become more naturalistic, more relativistic, alienated from the divine ground, centered on our selfhood. The Christian moral concept, the same as that of the Hebrews and the great Greek philosophers, looked to God as the archetype of goodness. Once that measure was discarded, a merely natural one took its place, the antonym of good changing from *evil* to mere *bad*: the good becoming that which gives pleasure; the bad, that which gives pain. Now a great tradition does not merely collapse, and so in practice Western man felt pleased, for a while, by the moral good of the Christian heritage and pained by the opposite.

But once Western man was fully persuaded that he was alone with his self, to do whatever occurred to him, strange notions began to take shape. Pleasure and pain turned out to be not empirical facts but, rather, conclusions from contrived mental premises. By learning a way of "awakening" or "emancipation," adepts would acquire a new pleasure (the following of certain procedures) and a new pain (the restrictions of normative traditions). This process of acquiring pleasures and pains seems to carry its reward in itself, for people tend to go from one such enthusiasm to another in a matter of weeks or even days, being successively "reborn" by Arica, Rolfing, Silva Control, Bioenergetics, Psychosynthesis, est, TM, Creative Consciousness, or any other of 8,000 different ways, each a new venture in the engineering of the self. Instead of Locke's or Bentham's simple "good and bad," there is now a legion of goods and bads to be had, each for a hefty fee.

DURING THE Victorian age, Christians and non-Christians could at least understand each other on moral questions; now even the attempt at communicating about such matters seems hopeless. Deep fissures yawn where there used to be nothing but differences of emphasis or degree. What's more, Christians can hardly understand other Christians. There are those clergy and lay people who, in the words of Jacques Maritain, have become "so totally disheartened by the religious indifference of their contemporaries that in their struggle to help them they accommodate divine things in a way that will become acceptable to them . . . they passionately undertake to secularize their Christianity completely—from now on, everything for the earth!" Hence the turn from "God is Love" to "Love is God." Here, in practice, they merge with the self-designers, who deify their own emotions, to which they attribute redemptive powers. It is now human feelings of warmth, instructed by political premises, that become the measure of goodness, a goodness that is as readily available as a mood. In this perspective, no evil is discernible any longer. All problems dissolve in an overflow of good feelings. The reality of satanic evil, of original sin, is denied. A Moral Rearmament glow of universal sympathy masks every possibility of disaster. Good-natured human beings, fancying they have saved themselves, play innocently at hell's gate. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Migrants

The tribe moves. They hunt food, as a grazing herd will track down rich forage. There are forty or fifty blacks in this camp. Dinner has been eaten. Children, back from the day-care center, stand, taken by surprise, with that illimitable, peculiar capacity for staring, as if my strangeness, like pendulum-swung watches, had hypnotized them into bliss. There are full families; half-families; bachelors and single women. And a headman, a patriarch: the crew leader who has bused them here from Florida. Nomad clan structure in semi-suburban, September New York state.

Time, too, is harvested. Music shouts from a room; I can touch its beat in the wood under my palm. Seven men and women play keno, two bits per board. The place will recall a YMCA camp my son attended one summer: three long dormitory buildings exposure-grey yet firm, stashed in forest. "We work by order: pick only what the boss man can sell. We was in the field three hours today, ten hours yesterday. Got a lot of time on our hands—it isn't always easy—we play cards, play the piccolo, dance. Try to make old time fly."

These are corn people. "They're all specialists," Henry Paul will tell you. "Bean migrants and corn migrants and apple migrants. Bean folk are sort of the bottom end. I guess it's because it's hunch-over-a-bush business." Henry Paul, boss man, owns the camp and five or six hundred acres of corn. "If the guy is a corn-picker don't ask him to step into your bean-field; he just won't." It's an ineluctable and endearing human trait: this pleasure taken in speciality, in particular craftsmanship. Once my wife hailed a passing milkman. No, he said, rack of bottles in one hand, he wasn't the milkman—he had quite another, more respectable profession—he was just temporary. But, my wife asked, wasn't he the milkman *today*? Reluctantly, and with some surprise, he had to allow that, yes, he was the milkman. Today.

Don't look down on it: migrant farm work is skilled. Also hard. Jamaican apple-pickers come north with a nation-to-nation labor contract. By preference they'll pick eighty hours each week for six or seven weeks. And take home more than they could earn in a Jamaican year. Ulster County unemployment runs around 10 per cent, but the indigenous population, well—"Pick apples?" One farmer was amused: "Heck, they won't even pick their noses. An hour or two in someone's orchard might blow their welfare status." Mrs. Phoebe Aeberli, who helps direct the migrant health program, told me, "Last year a local farmer said, 'Okay, I'm all for using Ulster County people. I'll take five and pay them for the first week, no matter how many apples they pick. But by then I expect them to earn at least minimum pay.' But after a week all they could harvest was four, five dollars' worth of apples per day." It's no snug gig: to balance on your twenty-foot ladder, a forty-pound bag hunchbacked over your shoulder. To pick with bruiseless delicacy and great speed. As long as sunlight. It's—no more, no less—a talent.

Henry Paul still harvests his corn by hand. "Even the best machinery will cause a certain amount of mechanical damage. That could cost me an order. Men, machines: the outlay is about the same. But most farmers: you see, there's a certain amount of putting up with human nature. The machines won't talk back to you or go out on Saturday night." Why do men and women choose migrant work? Barbara Paul says, "I asked one young man that. He looked at me like I was crazy. He'd been a house-painter in Florida, but the idea of staring at a paint-brush all his life was too much. He had three children with him: he thought the experience was great for them." And how much can a migrant earn? "Well, they'll only do piecework, but last year—across the board—we figured our crew had earned $3.54 an hour." And that's without César Chavez.

'A FARMER doesn't have much contact with his men. It all depends on the quality of your crew-leader. He recruits the pickers, brings them north in his own buses. I have a good one, Jerry Dixon. He has to solve their problems; he's their door to the outside world." Jerry Dixon would agree. "You wind up being mother and father and everything." Jerry Dixon is fiftyish. A mineable vein of gold runs in his teeth. "Families are best. A man with three kids, he's gonna work harder than a single man. About 70 per cent of my crew are the same every year. But it's definitely harder to get people up. Harder every year."

Karl Zimmermann, *Director of Development at Dwight-Englewood School, is the author of* Erie Lackawanna East *and other books. . . .* **Richard Bayan**, *who herewith makes his first appearance in* NR, *is reviving the essay as a major art form between jobs.*

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And what would happen if the migrant-labor pool went dry? Henry Paul: "You mean when the government gets through with programs to educate them how not to be a migrant? Teaches them to be unemployed carpenters instead? Then we're all going to have to do without a lot of green vegetables."

It's a matter of PR: image-sensitive garbagemen paint SANITATION in Doyle, Dane, Bernbach type-face on their trucks. Stewardesses manage to appear chic, though they are no less migrant-menial than your bean-picker is. Thirty-thousand feet of very thin air can somehow lend glamor to a barmaid. The prejudice is ancient. Conceivably it dates from that ancestral, snobbish nomad tribe who first planted fragile grain and took out prehistoric kinds of mortgage on their land. Yet, in America, where mobility has been cherished, where men who couldn't stay still were made heroic, the bias is irrational and unfair. Migrant does not mean vagrant. These are diligent workers; their profession is honorable. Migrant farm people practice free trade of the purest sort: they follow labor's supply and demand, unlike our spoiled, sedate unmigrant work force, who, no matter what supply might be, just sit at home and demand. □

OUTDOORS

KARL ZIMMERMANN

Down the Delaware

We are four canoes' worth of people and gear: five schoolteachers, a carpenter, a chemist, an engineer, tents, sleeping bags, cook kits, steaks, dried fruit, beer, a shovel, hatchets, extra clothes, and fishing rods. At Hancock, N.Y., where the East and West Branches of the Delaware flow together to form the big river, we launch our little flotilla for the third consecutive spring.

The broad Delaware, which forms the Pennsylvania—New York border, quickly catches us in its idyllic flow, and its riverine rhythms wash away suburban concerns. The river forms a world of its own: in 1976, no longer a private world—thanks to the exploding popularity of canoeing as a recreation and diversion, if not a sport—but still removed, and often sustaining an illusion of privacy.

Our party of eight floats free, a loosely knit group united by fellowship but enjoying the river in different ways. Bow man in my canoe is Al, my brother-in-law. In a faded blue-plaid flannel shirt, jeans, and broad-brimmed leather hat, sporting a bushy, reddish-blond beard, he looks at home on the river, as if he has just walked out of the Maine woods. He and I stop often to cast flies for trout. We catch a few fallfish (trash fish, sometimes called chubs) and a sunny, but nothing else.

We see an occasional fish rising for hatching insects. Once, as our canoe swings into a riffle, we glide right by a small boulder-formed backwater; from it a large trout hurtles in pursuit of a mayfly, splashing water in our faces. We immediately dig for shore against a strong current. Al goes to the rock and casts various dry flies to that vivid apparition of a trout, but he's not to be had. This failure with rod and line means surprisingly little to us. The ritual of reading the water, selecting the fly, and making the cast is (even if incompletely) its own reward.

We stop for a quick lunch—chicken, cheddar cheese, beer, and dried pineapple slices—then take up our paddles again and head down the ever-bending Delaware. River characteristics vary markedly from mile to mile, ranging from deep, mysterious pools with no visible surface movement to swift, foaming rapids—a touch of the "white water" sought by expert canoeists as a test of skill. Typically, the pattern of flow develops from still pool to rapids by degrees; almost unnoticed, as the river shallows toward the tail of a pool, the current begins to speed, catching the canoe in its grasp. We are slung exhilaratingly into a riffle and paddle briskly to maintain control.

Rocks may lurk just below the surface, bulging the water above to alert the sharp-eyed bow man. Flow froths in chutes where the river narrows; along with the "haystacks"—standing waves caused by rocks far below the surface, which dance in place—they make the canoe a roller coaster. Then suddenly we bob free of the rapids' clutches. River flattens, pace slackens, and, paddles across gunwales, we laze a bit, smugly. We are all sunburned by mid-afternoon. On a hillside ahead we see Equinunk, as sleepy in the heat as we, picturesque in an inadvertent, sprawling way. Rock cliffs plunging sheer line a bend; then we're in a riffle and shooting under the bridge at Lordville, where we leave roadways behind. For the next seven miles we will navigate a series of remote horseshoe bends, with New York's Catskills and Pennsylvania's Poconos rising up from the banks to shut off the outside world.

Along this stretch of river we select a large, level clearing, and there we gather and chop firewood and pitch our tents. We punctuate our work with a frigid plunge in the river, then stand dripping and content in the still-warm evening sunshine.

A CAMP IS a wondrous thing. Our diverse group comes together, sharing the strong and satisfying bond forged around the campfire. Four tents stand in a row. Below, on the flood plain, our four canoes lie overturned, paddles and life jackets stacked neatly underneath.

The dinner in preparation is savory, every step in the process being given full, ritualistic attention. Our roaring fire begins to burn down to the hot embers we will need to broil steaks. I shuffle foil-wrapped potatoes into these embers. As the setting sun walks a line of shadow up the wooded mountainside across the river, steaks are flopped on the grill and begin to sizzle. Presently, potatoes are stuck and pronounced ready. A pot of corn is eased in closer for a final heating. A sourdough loaf is sliced. The steaks come off, hot, crisp, juicy. We wolf our meal, pleased with our ingenuity in preparing this feast in the woods.

At about eight o'clock, a canoe appears on the darkening river, both paddlers working hard but ineffectively. "How far to Callicoon?" they call up to us. We look at each other, not sure whether to be amused or unnerved.

"About fifteen miles," someone answers.

"You're kidding." We aren't. "We've been paddling all day, and there are two more canoes behind us." Off they go into the approaching night.

Before it grows too dark to see, Greg—staunch bow paddler in Addison's Old Town canoe—slices a baklava he had made into huge, honey-dripping portions. (Even the raccoon who will chew through our food box tonight—driven by the aroma of leftover baklava—will be unable to finish

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it. We imagine him drunk on the rich, ambrosial pastry, staggering off into the woods.)

We stoke the fire and sit around it, faces made ruddy by its flame and the effects of the day's sun, and then, from my knapsack, I conjure a half-pint of Johnnie Walker Red Label and hand it around. It tastes better from a tin cup here than it would from crystal anywhere else.

Eventually the fire and conversation both begin to die, and our group disperses into the solitude of sleeping bags and tents. Remaining until last, I stare into the fire. Above, the stars are as bright as Montana stars. Toads trill across the murmur of the river.

The next day we will paddle through rain for most of those fifteen miles to Callicoon. Later, Al and I, bouncing home in his pick-up truck, will be caught in a stifling traffic jam. Tonight, though, there's nothing to touch my sense of well-being, here on a remote shore of the Delaware River. □

WOES

RICHARD BAYAN

The Liberal Artist At Leisure

From where I'm standing, the unemployment line this day seems infinite. With no apparent origin, the procession enters from an outer corridor, follows the perimeter of the vast, fluorescent waiting area, and eventually flows into a dun-grey sea of hair and overcoats. Their lumpy, Spam-like faces and bodies seem to emit pungent fumes, a stench of predestined defeat. They must represent the ranks of the unfit in Darwin's scheme.

No temporary bout with professional ill-fortune, however unsettling, will convince me that I am one of *them*. I remind myself that I was an editor and, prior to that, a student of ancient and medieval history—yes, a man of letters . . . a liberal artist! My immunity to the virus floating among the huddled figures in this room should be a certainty.

Ah, there are times I curse my education in the liberal arts for the futile pursuit that it was, and still is. While my peers in their mid-twenties have been gathering skills for careers in ophthalmology, hydraulic engineering, and rhinoplasty, I've freely squandered these critical years on Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Herodotus, Rabelais, and learning the monarchs of England in order from Egbert to Elizabeth II. The result is a teeming carnival of antiquarian knowledge and fancy that, viewed against the sleek glass-and-steel professionalism now prevalent across the land, seems more than slightly ridiculous.

TRUST ME, skeptical reader—the deceptive irony of self-congratulation is not my intention here. Only a few years ago I might have smiled at the witless vocational courses preferred by more pedestrian classmates, but I'm less flippant today. Compared to the almost palpable sense of well-being, of *solidity*, enjoyed by the professional man, those sublime Arcadian landscapes spun in the dreams of the liberal artist seem as weightless and perishable as the morning frost.

Pity the liberal artist for his insecurity! He is the Flying Dutchman of educated men, condemned to scour the seas of eternal self-doubt because he is without a profession in the global empire of specialists. He is less a professional than even the hot-dog vendor or the state assemblyman. From this perspective, his kinship with the helpless dullards on the unemployment line becomes all too painfully apparent.

Like dirigible pilots, ex-monks, cavalry officers, and epic poets, the liberal artist stands among the chronic unemployables of our time. While the accounting major passes his college years learning the fine art of managing accounts, an activity that presumably will guarantee him a livelihood, the liberal arts student must confront a melancholy truth: that he can never *practice* his discipline for a living, at least not in this world.

The political-science major will never open an office on Madison Avenue as a corporate consultant on egalitarian democracy. No student of the Greek classics will ever be hired to write press releases and promotional blurbs in the language of Homer. By the bowels of Zeus, I would hope not!

What choices remain for the liberal artist other than those staring insolently from the pages of the want ads: management trainee (read "salesman"), editorial assistant (at $7K), or the infamous "Coll. Grad. Typist"? The fanatic who clings to his education and refuses to let go can always sound an honorable retreat to the monasteries of academe, pursuing the elusive PhD only to discover that there are four openings in his field east of the Mississippi. One shudders to think of the countless scholars moored in the bookstores and record shops of America, stacking volumes of Keats and Dostoyevsky or sorting out the latest Bach and Vivaldi releases.

It's difficult to say whether I was more or less fortunate than the book-stackers and record-sorters. Dreaming of future eminence as a laurel-crowned word-magician and Wry Observer of Human Folly, I drifted almost unconsciously into journalism. When I awoke, I found myself marooned in the dusky nether-world of trade magazines, toiling into the night for the edification of industrial chieftains earning twenty times my salary. I suspect that deep in the foulest reaches of hell, the shades of errant poets and novelists are enslaved everlastingly at the desks of trade periodicals; it's safe to say that no work more abrasive to the mind of man has been devised even by the presiding fiends of the Great Inferno. After 18 months of dismal servitude, hardly mitigated by my two promotions, the news that I had been usurped by the president's nephew came as a deliverance. Best of luck to the lad, says I.

SO HERE I am now, waiting patiently on line with the others; we are like a row of parakeets sleeping fitfully on a long wooden swing. I see that three young women are clutching open books in their hands, probably as amulets to ward off the demons present in this room. Without books to secure their defenses, such people may as well greet their absorption into the melting pot of indifferent minds.

Unlike the dentist or chiropractor, the liberal artist wields no shingle to announce his status to a deferential world. With only his self-imposed intellectual standards separating him from the Damned, he becomes an elitist without an elite to join. He subsists on the hope that somewhere, perhaps in the remotest hamlet of the Republic, there exists a job that will set his mind soaring again, but, of course, he is also a fool. □

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BOOKS

Di Quella Pira! All'Armi!

Mussolini's Roman Empire
By Denis Mack Smith
Viking, 322 pp., $12.95

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Italy, Robert Burton wrote, is hell for women and paradise for horses. The peninsula has also provided lush grazing for an occasional glib jackass. For none more so than Benito Mussolini, perhaps the most grotesque, tragi-comic political incendiary of all time. Even Adolf Hitler, who preserved a sentimental spot in his otherwise stony heart for his precursor in modern Caesarism, often found the Duce more than a little absurd. Albert Speer has recorded how the Führer, hardly a low-key orator himself, once treated his private entourage to a mocking imitation of his Italian counterpart. With jutting jaw, hand on hip, and legs astride, he "flung out a number of Italian or Italian-sounding words like *patria*, *victoria*, *macaroni*, *bellezza*, *bel canto*, *telegrafico*, and *basta*. It was," says Speer (thereby raising some questions about his own sense of humor), "very funny."

The Duce, for his part, complained that Hitler was a second-rate leader at the head of a first-rate country while he was a first-rate leader stuck with a second-rate country, a statement at least half true. Despite repeated efforts, Mussolini, who had real talent as a writer, could never wade through *Mein Kampf*. Far more damningly, he was never able to formulate a clear, permanent definition of his own Fascist philosophy for the excellent reason that there wasn't any. The Duce's Fascism was little more than a series of shifting slogans tied to a para-military cadre of party thugs, opportunistic journalists and politicians, and a few embittered right-wing intellectuals looking for a new anti-Communist movement with fresh color, appeal, and panache. The movement itself relied almost exclusively on a crude personality cult and fed on the wounded ego of a proud people whose recent history had been humiliating and whose "respectable" politicians—traditionally liberals and conservatives—were considered corrupt and ineffectual.

Mussolini's cunning exploitation of this national inferiority complex and his successful bullying tactics against flabby domestic opponents succeeded brilliantly and are well worth studying. His behavior once he attained power was more predictable and less instructive, largely falling into the category of sick humor. One almost regrets that Denis Mack Smith, the leading English-language expert on Italian history, has devoted the bulk of this detailed study to the Duce's years in Rome, rather than to the long political march that brought him to the city of the Caesars. *Mussolini's Roman Empire* is an exhaustively documented and almost repetitiously thorough scholarly study, but Mr. Mack Smith's brisk style and the natural drama of the decline and fall of this soiled pasteboard imperium banish dullness.

What made the Fascist farce last as long as it did? That wily old spectator of the Italian scene, Bernard Berenson, chalked it up to national vanity and Mussolini's skill in pandering to it. In a 1954 meeting with C. L. Sulzberger, he half-jokingly insisted that if the French and British governments had simply declared Italy to have the mightiest army in the world at any time before the outbreak of World War II, the Italian appetite for chauvinistic ranting would have been sated, and the Duce would soon have been tossed out on his ear. There is a grain of truth in this overstatement. Like Germany, Italy is a very young united polity by European standards; both Axis powers became modern nation-states in just the last third of the nineteenth century. Hence they had a lot of growing up to do in less time (and with much more powerful means for inflicting their growing pains on their neighbors) than the emergent France of two centuries before or an England that had long channeled most of its aggressive impulses into distant colonial expansion.

BOTH HITLER and Mussolini were, in their warped and inferior ways, updated vulgarizations of Napoleon—strong men of the hour who fooled enough members of both the great unwashed and the vested interests to seize the reins of power during a time of revolutionary ferment and resurgent nationalism. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini shared Napoleon's military genius, but both equaled him in egomania and both had far more efficient authoritarian

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Aram Bakshian Jr. *is a regular contributor to* NR *and* The Alternative. . . . **Ronald De Feo** *is a freelance literary critic.* . . . **Daniel Oliver** *is a lawyer with Alexander & Green in New York.* . . . **Harvey E. Phillips** *is a music critic and opera director.* . . . **Francis Russell**'*s latest book is* The President-Makers.

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tools at their disposal than had the little corporal—electronic media and mass-circulation press; modern mobility and new technical means for disposing of unlimited quantities of dissidents, mass murder on the twentieth century scale being the logical criminal offshoot of modern technology.

STEP BY STEP, Mr. Mack Smith follows Mussolini in power, covering domestic policy; the Spanish intervention; the invasion of Ethiopia and Albania; the gradual dependence, through a process of diplomatic elimination, on Nazi Germany; and the fatal plunge, after much nervous hesitation, into World War II. Through it all, Mr. Mack Smith reveals the emptiness behind the parades and swagger of fascist Italy. At bottom, it was all sham, as witness the fact that, despite its enormous drain on the national economy, the Italian population of Mussolini's much-vaunted overseas colonial empire was never more than one-tenth that of New York City's Italian community.

Similarly, official estimates of Italian military strength were deliberately inflated beyond recognition, and the success of Italian arms in battle were exaggerated or fabricated to the point of absurdity. Few outside Italy were fooled for long, including Mussolini's nominal friends. In Spain, while Franco welcomed Italian supplies and weapons, he actually complained that the arrival of large numbers of unwanted Italian troops had been "nearly forced" on him by a glory-hungry Duce. Such hastily assembled, ill-equipped levies, heavily watered down with hoodlums from the Fascist militia and the untrained scourings of Italian jails and breadlines, performed as poorly in Spain as they did in Africa and the Balkans. But, between a corrupt officer corps' unwillingness to speak out, and the Duce's inability to repudiate publicly his propaganda boasts of Italian invincibility, necessary reforms were never made and Italy entered World War II incapable of mounting a major military effort by air, land, or sea.

At home, even Mussolini's reliance on wiretaps and informers backfired. Leading private citizens and government officials soon learned to say only what they wanted overheard, and even those well-disposed toward the regime covered up crucial information that might annoy the Duce. In the absence of any countervailing force, Mussolini himself became the greatest victim of his enormous propaganda and police apparatus. As Mr. Mack Smith points out, thanks to internal suppression and the feeble early reactions of the democracies, he had learned the useful but very dangerous lesson that "a great deal could be achieved by mere words without the need for deeds." When real war came, Mussolini was "enslaved by his own myth, unable to drop the self-imposed mask of a fire-eating warrior and having to act as though he believed in it." Occasionally, by dint of repetition, he actually does seem to have believed in what had begun as a conscious pose, and his warning to subordinates that they "must all understand that I am not to be contradicted, because it only raises doubts in my mind and diverts me from what I know to be the right path whereas my own instincts are always right," guaranteed that no one in his entourage would dare to pop the blister of deceit until it was too late.

In the end, even Hitler found the Duce an embarrassment, though, with a curious compassion, he imitated Mussolini's treatment of one of his own obsolete allies, the aged poet-activist Gabriele d'Annunzio, of whom the Duce remarked, "When a decayed tooth cannot be pulled out, it is capped with gold." Ironically, it was d'Annunzio, the doddering old sage of Vittoriale, who uncannily foresaw Mussolini's fate as early as the 1920s. When asked by a visitor why he did not write a book about the Duce, he replied, "It has already been done." Opening a copy of his *Cola di Rienzo*, d'Annunzio read the following lines: "The populace hanged him by the feet from a post and stoned him. For two days and a night he was the target of these games."

Mr. Mack Smith has given the English-speaking audience a splendidly authoritative and incisive history of the blood-stained house of cards that Mussolini built before he was hunted down like a wounded beast of prey by Communist partisans grown as bestial as the Duce at his worst. □

The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty
By Peter Collier and David Horowitz
Holt, Rinehart, 746 pp., $15

"I Never Wanted to Be Vice *President of Anything": An Investigative Biography*
By Michael Kramer and Sam Roberts
Basic Books, 420 pp., $12.50

THE POWER OF PORK

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Something about our new world climate is not conducive to dynasties. Even family names tend to oblivion. From the Revolutionary period, where are the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Madisons, Monroes, and the rest? One asks the question and immediately the television reflex of Adams comes to mind. And indeed there is a plethora of Adams descendants. The Harvard Alumni Directory lists five living graduates named John Quincy Adams, though how they sort each other out boggles the imagination. Yet even the Adams family, as America's most durable dynasty, lasted a mere four generations, from John the lawyer born in 1735 to Brooks the intemperate aesthete who died in 1927. Before and after those dates the Adamses were merely people.

ALTHOUGH the Adamses were a political—as opposed to the Rockefellers' economic—dynasty, there are curious parallels between them. One recalls the thrifty Abigail Adams' hawking to her neighbors of the trinkets that her husband, John, sent her from France, even as one reads of the first John D. Rockefeller, already rich, considering making his Forest Hills estate pay expenses by taking in boarders. That is the sunrise. The sunset is Henry Adams' exquisite bijou (by Rockefeller standards) house on Washington's Lafayette Square, and the Rockefellers' fabulous Pocantico estate. Henry and Brooks Adams of the fourth generation saw darkness at the end of the road. The fourth generation of the Rockefellers moves into the shadows, the name still one to conjure with but the dynasty itself ending.

Peter Collier and David Horowitz in their embracing study set out, as they

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stated themselves, "simply to draw a realistic and full-blooded portrait of the family," and indeed they have succeeded in producing an illuminating and balanced study as well as a best-seller. Here is everything one might want to know about a family whose history is inseparable from the industrial and social history of the United States since the Civil War. Dividing their book into four parts—the Father, the Son, the Brothers, and the Cousins—Collier and Horowitz have devoted the bulk of their book to the careers of the five grandsons and one granddaughter of the family founder, each of whom in his way yielded to the harness of the family tradition, even to the unfortunate Winthrop who died an alcoholic.

For a more extended study of Brother Nelson, Michael Kramer and Sam Roberts have produced what they call an "investigative" biography, long on politics and its crudities, but somewhat abbreviated in dealing with Nelson Rockefeller's private life, which is traced in more explicit detail in *The Rockefellers*. Theirs is indeed a juicily informative book on a rather shopworn political figure whose most durable and fitting monument will no doubt be the prodigal pomposity of the Albany Mall, a work destined to make many a future beholder gaze and despair. Rockefeller's "combination of wealth, influence, political savvy, and sheer unmitigated gall," his two investigative biographers write, "enabled him to dominate the politics of a state as few men ever have." Men, he discovered early in his political career, could be bought more or less genteelly when they could not be bribed. Nelson spent some $30 million of his own and his family's money to advance a career that for all its twists and complications can be explained in the simple maxim: Pork equals power. Yet the one goal that has always haunted his horizon like a mirage, the Presidency, has always eluded him, though with a little more luck, a little defter juggling, he might indeed have attained it. No doubt, though he is pushing seventy, the mirage haunts him still.

Only a postscript one-sixth of *The Rockefellers* is devoted to the children of the third-generation siblings. These 23 cousins, ranging from a withdrawn 48-year-old spinster to a boy of nine, have in their varying ways rejected the burden if not the security of the family inheritance, though a few would even renounce their trustee-bound legacies if they could. At odds with the Rockefeller tradition, feeling the oppression of the name to such an extent that some have even shed it, the cousins are more familiar with analysts' couches than with countinghouses. They have racked up a surprising number of divorces. They have become teachers, recluses, technicians, drifters, rebels, drummers for lost causes, even Marxists. Only Jay, the third John D.'s son and fourth bearer of the patronymic, seems to have accepted the family tradition, if in the pattern of Uncle Nelson. At 39, having settled himself and his spirit in West Virginia, he seems slated to be the next Democratic governor, a potential presidential candidate four or eight years from now. Whatever continuity persists may well reside in him. He may be destined to be the last dynastic Rockefeller. Or the tradition may stop short at Uncle Nelson's mall. *Urceus exit!* □

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: Joyce Carol Oates, who is as productive as Dickens and as fertile as the starfish, is ready with another novel: *Childwold* (Vanguard, $8.95), about a May-August relationship in what could pass for western New York state. . . . Alex Haley, who was Malcolm X's collaborator on Mr. X's autobiography, has written *Roots* (Doubleday, $12.50), a history of his ancestors' peregrinations in the United States. . . . *Vietnam: The Unforgettable Tragedy* (Horizon Press, $8.95) reproduces the correspondence between President Ngo Dinh Diem and the author, Joseph Buttinger, who did rescue work in Vietnam for political refugees and all but talked Diem's ear off trying to convert him to the doctrines of Common Cause. . . . Shana Alexander offers for your inspection a book called *Talking Woman* (Delacorte, $9.95). If her performance is up to that of a dog walking on its hind legs, we're impressed. . . . Albert Parry's *Terrorism: From Robespierre to Arafat* (Vanguard, $15) appropriately kicks off its discussion of modern terrorism with an account of Chairman Mao's humane ministrations, though it clearly believes that long before another Mao comes along we'll see a couple of hundred crazed Croations from Stamford, Conn. . . . There's an interesting little book out called *C. S. Lewis: The Shape of His Faith and Thought* (Harper, $6.95; paper, $3.95) by Paul L. Holmer. It concentrates on Lewis' literary criticism and theological commentary. . . . Glen B. Infield has written *Leni Riefenstahl: The Fallen Film Goddess* (T. Y. Crowell, $9.95). Apparently, life among the Nubi has done little to resurrect the moral reputation of the girl who played diddlywinks with *der Führer*. . . . According to Magda Denes, author of *In Necessity and Sorrow: Life and Death in an Abortion Hospital* (Basic Books, $10.95), it is *verboten* to use, *in hospitales*, the word "abortion." At Mme. Violette's, you don't say "whore."

■ NOVEMBER TITLES: John Dean's account of Watergate—*Blind Ambition: The White House Years* (Simon & Schuster, $7.95)—proves conclusively that there is no honor among thieves: least of all, as Villon knew, among scribbling ones. . . . Samuel Dash, the chief counsel to the Senate Watergate Committee, though he figured prominently in the interminable soap opera that was the Committee's hearings, will probably be less remembered by future generations than Louise Lasser. However, he too has written a book, entitled *Chief Counsel: Inside the Ervin Committee—The Untold Story of Watergate* (Random House, $10). . . . Charles Reich, the greened-over guru, was once even as you and I. In fact he was worse. He worked in Washington, wore button-down collars, and *he was a closet virgin!!!* In *The Sorcerer of Bolinas Reef* (Random House, $8.95) he tells how he surmounted all, including chastity.

The Definitive Biography of P. D. Q. Bach
By Peter Schikele
Random House, 238 pp., $8.95

SON OF A BACH

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

Humor and serious music have not always been the greatest of friends. When an opera audience breaks up over the *basso buffo* goosing tavern wenches, one may wonder if the two traditions have ever met, and ask oneself just what is an aficionado's level of sophistication in the fun department. On the other hand, when musi-

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cians laugh about the givens of their world, the alliance of tunes and titters often has a way of reminding an outsider of academics chuckling over variants in Catullus. One is willing to grant that the joke may exist, but those footnotes do get in the way.

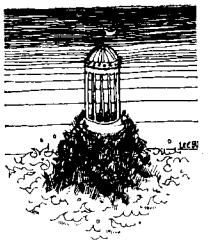
But Peter Schikele, like Anna Russell, has demonstrated that music is a field mined with laughter and that one need not know the difference between Arpège and *arpeggio* to be wounded by well-timed detonations. Schikele's discovery of the youngest son of Johann Sebastian—"the unknown twig on the Bach family tree," one P. D. Q. —complete with an armory of compositions, has delighted concert audiences for more than a decade.

Now, in a new and definitive biography of his pet subject, astutely entitled *The Definitive Biography of P. D. Q. Bach*, Schikele has made it possible, even for those who have never heard a note of this most minor of minor masters, to share in the conceit and take delight accordingly. This joke is not for everyone. The reader who has been to a concert and who has glanced, however fleetingly, at a scholarly tome or two, will be more amused than, let us say, he who aspires to a total appreciation of Bobby Vinton. But beyond that the requirements are few. Oh, yes, it would help if that oldest of comic genres, the pun, were not despised: Schikele is in love with it.

THE LIFE of P. D. Q. (1807-1742?) is told through a rich assortment of documentation: reproduced music autographs, maps, portraits, diagrams, letters, old tavern bills (P. D. Q. was as desperate a toper as he was a composer), and photographs of Schikele and his band of merry researchers on the path of fact-finding (descendants of P. D. Q.—Sneaky Pete Bog, Brock Bock, and Brunhilde Bébé Bach—were tailed and interviewed), as well as of famous P. D. Q. Bach performers and performances.

The facts as facts are economically covered in 19 close-printed pages delineating early infancy (1742-1745), late infancy (1745-1766), lost years (1766-1777), and the turning point (1777), the last explored in analytical depth: "And what, actually, is the nature of causality? In logical argument the phrase 'it follows that . . .' is often heard, and yet of course it does not necessarily follow that the fact that one thing follows another is proof of causation on the part of the one thing with respect to the other. Certainly the fact that Jacques Offenbach was followed, temporarily, by Franz Kafka does not mean that Offenbach *caused* Kafka in any biological sense of the term; one could, however, argue that the cultural environment in part created (i.e., caused) by Offenbach's actions (which were deter-" End of section. And so it goes.

IN THE COURSE of this account of P. D. Q.'s hegira toward obscurity the reader gets to meet some of his most esteemed contemporaries: Franz Romanssohn Kontimänn, Jonathan "Boozey" Hawkes, Baron von Tutti ("known to his friends as 'Cozy' "), Castor N. Pollex, Prince Fred of the House of Hangover, Bonn Moe Beethoven, Madame Höllender (the brothel keeper), Enrico Carouso ("the notorious bargain counter tenor") and Hans-Jacques Pferdemerde (remember your Alsatian?), plus a host of others. Particularly enlightening, too, are the exegeses of the P. D. Q. *oeuvre* so that such new favorites as the Concerto for Horn & Hardart, the Pervertimento, the Suite from *The Civilian Barber*, the Schleptet, *The Stoned Guest* (a half-act opera), the Concerto for Piano *v.* Orchestra, the "Erotica" Variations, *Hansel and Gretel and Ted and Alice* (an opera in one unnatural act), the oratorio *The Seasonings*, the Sonata for Viola Four Hands, the Grossest Fugue, *Fanfare for the Common Cold*, and the canine cantata *Wachet Arf* ("Sleeping Dogs Awake!") emerge with all their elements in stunning relief.



Schikele, as much scholar as entertainer, substantiates his claims of abysmalness for P. D. Q. ("the worst musician ever to have trod organ pedals") with cogent appendices made up of a bibliography that goes from "Classic Comics" to "Youngman, Henny" (he does not follow Chicago Manual style here, but that's a negligible fault), a discography (the entries truly exist!), a glossary (do you know what a left-handed swere flute sounds like or, preserve us, a windbreaker?), and an index that, with its whimsical errors and cross references, plummeting descriptive clauses and mind-boggling juxtapositions ("Hull, Cordell," "Hummel, Johann Nepomuk," or "thought, food for," "Tufts, Sonny"), is all too reminiscent of the real thing these days and hence a studious treat in itself.

With this clarification of a previously murky quarter of musicology, Schikele may now take his place on the left hand of Sir Donald Tovey and on the right hand of each of the brothers Marx. Inspired by that august accumulation it may now be expected that he will undertake an exploration of at least some of the following equally overlooked areas: the string quartet tradition in Turkistan, the ballet suites of Harry S. Truman, Peggy Lee's lieder repertory, and calculations of the occurrence of the word "*addio*" in the operas of Verdi, revised versions included. The need is there and, on the basis of *The Definitive Biography of P. D. Q. Bach*, so is the ability to see such projects through. □

Persons & Masks of the Law
By John T. Noonan
Farrar, 206 pp., $10

MAGICAL WAYS

DANIEL OLIVER

Professor Noonan has written a difficult but not unrewarding book. His thesis is that in the American legal tradition the people involved in cases are often given masks that conceal their real character or identity. His primary example is the case of the American Negro slaves. Their humanity was shielded in American law behind various descriptions normally reserved for property of one kind or another (real, personal, etc.); and once the law thus considered them to be property, they could be sold, bequeathed, or made the subjects of a variety of court proceedings without anyone's ever running up against the fact that they were human beings.

For generations, the paradox continued: slaves in the land of liberty, slavery in a land filled with people genuinely concerned with extending freedom. Outrageous results could be reached with little pain or embarrassment: even by such men as Thomas Jefferson and George Wythe, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and Jefferson's "most affectionate friend throughout life." Though they advocated emancipation and preached liberty, they countenanced slavery. How? They effaced the humanity of the Ne- →

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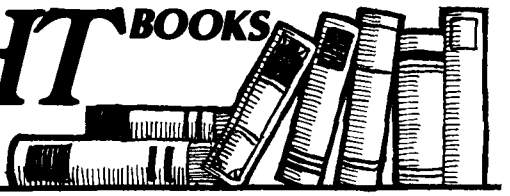
THE RIGHT BOOKS



M. STANTON EVANS

IT SAYS A LOT about the campaign of Jimmy Carter that the only full-fledged biography of the candidate is one he wrote himself.

That curious datum tells us on the one hand that Carter was foresighted enough to sit down months ago and do this piece of necessary drudgery (it seems pretty clear on stylistic grounds that he is indeed the author) as part of his meticulous gameplan. It also tells us that his sudden ascent to fame caught publishers napping, just as it did the grandees and pontiffs of the Democratic Party.

The result in this respect as in so many others is that our image of Carter is the image he has chosen to give us, subject to belated, piecemeal correction by less partial observers as they bring him into their field of vision and try to interpret what they see. Only lately have quickie books on Carter begun to issue from the press, and nearly all of them show signs of urgent haste in preparation.

By my unscientific tally, there are now five books out about Carter, ranging in attitude from uncritical reverence to unrelieved hostility. The most informative in terms of personal data is the autobiography, *Why Not the Best?* (Bantam, $1.95), which really *is* an autobiography and not a campaign manifesto. It offers lots of anecdotes concerning Carter's childhood, schooling, and the like, but precious little about his views on issues. This of course is vintage Carter. He is asking us to elect him President, not because of his stand on busing, but because of the kind of man he is, or says he is.

Making the point explicit is a hurry-up paperback by Howard Norton and Bob Slosser, *The Miracle of Jimmy Carter* (Logos Books, $1.95). The title is meant in almost a literal sense. It is not too much to say, the authors hint, that Carter has been anointed for the White House by the Lord Himself, in recognition of the candidate's superior virtue. Carter is "frankly fuzzy at times on major issues," they tell us, but is nonetheless the obvious choice for President because of his religious faith, integrity, and all-encompassing niceness.

Which raises an interesting question: Does being a committed Christian whose life is wholly guided by religious precept have *some* effect on one's political views? On the evidence provided by Robert Turner in *"I'll Never Lie to You"* (Ballantine, $1.75) and Leslie Wheeler in *Jimmy Who?* (Barron's Educational Series, $2.95), not much. Turner offers page after page of Carter quotes on every conceivable subject, and it is hard to discern the elements of Christian principle in any of them. The most obvious "Christian" issue in this campaign, for instance, is abortion, generally opposed by evangelical Protestants as well as Catholics, but Carter for every practical purpose has ranged himself on the opposite side of that dispute.

NOR IS IT simply a matter of Carter's failing to take a stance on issues that sectarians would call distinctively Christian. It is rather, as shown by Carter statements on right to work, bureaucracy, energy, and government spending, a refusal to take a clear position at all, or seeming to take a stance appealing to a given interest bloc while wig-wagging contradictory signals to another. As Miss Wheeler demonstrates, Carter got where he is by convincing voters in the Democratic primaries he was a conservative, while reassuring leftward interest groups he was in fact a liberal.

That the latter perception is the correct one is the burden of *Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Carter* ('76 Press, $1), by Gary Allen, Stakhanovite researcher-writer for the Birch Society. Allen argues that on domestic matters Carter is uniformly liberal and on foreign policy, a creature of the CFR. The book is worth the price of admission for supplying two quotes directly applicable to Carter's amorphous piety. One is Mark Twain's all-purpose political speech that begins: "I am in favor of everything that anybody is in favor of." The other is Emerson's *mot*: "The louder he spoke of his honor, the faster we counted our spoons." □

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groes behind a legal construct, behind masks, "magical ways by which persons are removed from the legal process." Jefferson and others chose not to attempt the task, impossible in their day, of emancipating the slaves. "Instead they reinstituted slavery by law." They chose to participate in the system. "With their own hands they put on the masks of the law and imposed them on others."

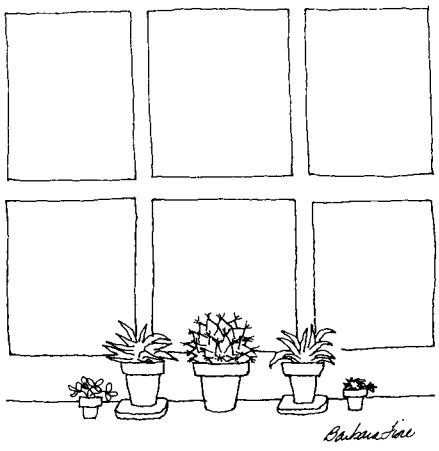
ANOTHER PRIMARY example of masking involves some monopolistic machinations on the part of the United Fruit Company, which, with the aid of the Supreme Court, stamped out its competition in the banana republic of Costa Rica. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whom Noonan is properly disparaging, wrote the opinion. "With great economy of intellectual effort, always a consideration with him," Holmes disposed of the case by stretching the rules to enclose the messy facts. The linch-pin of Holmes's argument was the (for Holmes) "pure fact" that Costa Rica, where the dispute between the companies took place, was a "pure sovereign"—from which fact, in Holmes's mind, certain consequences inexorably flowed. In reality, however, the "uncontested law of the land" in Costa Rica was none other than United Fruit itself—which, with Holmes's aid, rolled relentlessly over the claims and rights of the American Banana Company. Sovereignty was the mask which Holmes applied to the rulers of Costa Rica in order to reach the result he wanted. "If I had to bet," he had previously told a friend, "I should bet that monopolies on the whole . . . were very much for the public interest."

One suspects, with Noonan, that lawyers tend to determine the results they want and then build the rationale using—misusing—those particular precedents most likely to propel them toward their goal. Shouldn't history have informed American lawyers of the truth about slavery? One is reminded of the joke about the salesman in the hi-fi store. He leads the customer to ever more expensive models and then at last attempts the seduction: "Are you really interested in hi-fi?" To which the customer replies, "No, I'm interested in music." Are lawyers really interested in history—or only in winning their cases?

Legal precedents are to history as martial music is to music.

One searches for the contemporary equivalent of masking the Negro slaves —and finds it in the position on abortion of, among others, Senator Edward Kennedy, a Roman Catholic, and Jimmy Carter, a born-again Baptist. They are personally against it—but don't want it made illegal. They have masked the babies with technical terms; the humanity of the helpless is suppressed, and abortion, like slavery, becomes respectable.

Noonan seems to put some of the blame for masking on the impersonality of the law. He criticizes James Willard Hurst's legal history, *The Growth of American Law: The Law Makers*, for describing only lawyers, legislators, and judges, and not plaintiffs and defendants. But a history of medicine would cover, presumably, doctors rather than their patients. Similarly, lawyers and law schools deal in π and δ—plaintiff and defendant—and examine attempts at standardizing, for similar situations, their rights and obligations. The law cannot always be concerned with the



personalities of π and δ. Often, when it is, we say, "Hard cases make bad law." The widow with hungry children, who is quite obviously "guilty" of stealing bread, is acquitted. She is saved by a strategem, a technicality—and the principle, Thou shalt not steal, is lost. God can be justly flexible in all situations; man does better—is fairer in the long run—sticking to rules.

Noonan's theory is generous to the lawyers (and others) who have ignored the true character of the *dramatis personae* involved in legal cases—but perhaps it is too generous. Certainly it is an interesting *explanation*; but it is an explanation for a shortcoming, a failing, a blindness. Or perhaps it is a mask for something worse. □

FICTION

The Buenos Aires Affair
By Manuel Puig
Dutton, 219 pp., $8.95

LAYING OUT THE EVIDENCE

RONALD DE FEO

In a book season that has not been exactly memorable for fiction, we must be especially grateful for the interesting and challenging novels that continue to come to us from Latin America. Several months ago, *A Brief Life*, one of the major works of the Uruguayan writer Juan Carlos Onetti, appeared in English translation (after an inexplicable delay of some 25 years). More recently, the excellent Cuban writer Alejo Carpentier broke a long silence with the publication of *Reasons of State*. The appearance of Manuel Puig's new novel, *The Buenos Aires Affair*, is especial cause for celebration, not only because the book makes for fascinating reading, but also because it demonstrates that its already highly accomplished author continues to take chances and to grow as an artist.

In his two previous novels, *Betrayed by Rita Hayworth* and *Heartbreak Tango*, Puig explored, in a somewhat campy, comic manner, the dreams and obsessions of a host of provincial Argentine characters whose speech and lives often seemed to have been influenced by popular movies of the Thirties and Forties. His characters recalled, in a way, Nathanael West's dreaming, unfulfilled, hopeless Hollywood souls, but Puig's people were much more down-to-earth, and Puig, unlike the unsparing West, treated them affectionately, even at times sentimentally. For the most part, he allowed them to speak for themselves, recording their conversations, interior monologues, letters, and diary entries.

In *The Buenos Aires Affair*, Puig again concentrates on the blandness of middle-class Argentine existence, but this time he focuses on cosmopolitan rather than on provincial types. The nostalgia for the past is absent here; the characters live in a harsh, alienating contemporary world where dreams are quickly trampled upon. Though

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brief excerpts from various old movie tear-jerkers and melodramas serve as epigraphs for each chapter, the protagonists, the discontented sculptress Gladys D'Onofrio and her lover, the haunted, seriously disturbed art critic Leo Druscovich, aren't the movie dreamers that previous Puig people have been. Pop romance can hardly exist in their world. In fact, the contrived, inflated romance reflected in the little movie scenes contrasts sharply with the blunt and colorless reality Gladys and Leo know so well.

Puig slyly subtitles this book, "A Detective Novel"—"slyly" because, though a disappearance and a violent crime occur, and though the author often employs a matter-of-fact, police-procedural style, the book is no more a detective novel in the usual sense than is Robbe-Grillet's *The Erasers* or Gadda's *That Awful Mess on Via Merulana.* Puig lays the facts of two separate, unhappy lives before us and, in a sense, invites us to speculate on those lives, to give them some shape and meaning.

We learn of the central events in Gladys' muddled life, of her various lovers, her sexual fantasies, and her string of disappointments, both personal and artistic. From Leo's case history, which is far more disturbing and unusual than Gladys', we learn primarily of his sexual difficulties and the violence that they have triggered. Though Puig's approach is very objective, almost clinical, and though in this novel we are kept at a distance from his characters, the people still manage to hold us and affect us. Occasionally this book reads like a parody of a French *nouveau roman* or a German investigative work, but Puig's humanity and wit still shine through.

The facts in "the case" of Gladys and Leo carry us on, and every so often we are reminded of the other violence, both criminal and political, that is occurring in their world. We expect the facts eventually to point to a significant conclusion, a meaning of some sort, but they don't, really. Both lives, in very different ways, lead nowhere. That, Puig seems to be saying, is the real crime in the novel. In a long, brilliantly rendered scene, Gladys finds herself in the apartment of a very typical, happily married young mother. It is ironic that the lonely and troubled Gladys should be left here, in an atmosphere she has rarely known in her own life, and it is equally ironic that this warm, happy place should prove so horribly bland.

The Buenos Aires Affair is neither as purely entertaining as Puig's previous novels nor as accessible to the general reader. Sometimes the author's stylistic methods are a shade too inventive, and we are not always convinced that they are necessary. But the book is more intense, serious, and disturbing than the other novels, and it is a welcome departure for this searching, gifted writer. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Washington Embrace of Business, *by Roger M. Blough (Carnegie Press, 162 pp., $8.95).* Roger Blough has been honorably engaged for nearly forty years in U.S. Steel's top management and in its government-relations struggles. However, most people unfairly remember him best as the latter-day robber baron he was made out to be by President Kennedy in his tantrum over the 1962 steel price increases. Now, in a small book based on three lectures he gave in 1974 in Carnegie-Mellon University's Benjamin Fairless Memorial series, the long-suffering Mr. Blough has his say on that episode, and on the generic business-government tensions that it symbolized. His comments on the personally bruising 1962 attack from Camelot are sorrowful but philosophical, and generally work a vein as charitable as JFK's was vindictive. There is a useful appendix containing comprehensive documentation on the (in retrospect) clearly moderate and justified price hike, its stormy consequences, and its coerced rollback. But the real value of the book is in Blough's forceful argument that "it is high time for business to terminate its standoffish resentment toward Washington and its interference in business affairs [and to consider instead] the pragmatic direction of business moving toward a more cooperative attitude with government, a shared-responsibility type of approach." Is this another step toward the quasi-fascist economy recently warned of by Charlotte Twight in her book, *America's Emerging Fascist Economy*? Not at all—for the accommodation envisioned by this veteran steelman and lawyer involves only tactical give by the business community toward government, with the resulting closer dialogue actually leading to a Congress and Executive Branch better educated about market imperatives and more supportive of decentralized economic management. Far from caving in to politically motivated interventionism such as Kennedy's in April 1962 or Nixon's in August 1971, Blough looks to a day when a more aggressive and sophisicated business activism in Washington will have persuaded national leaders that "good economics must necessarily be good politics over any reasonable span of time." With a populist Democrat now apparently riding high toward the White House, this is must reading for partisans of free enterprise, or what's left of it. JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

The Day the Laughter Stopped, *by David Yallop (St. Martin's, 358 pp., $12.50).* In England, watching a "Fatty" Arbuckle movie is a crime, even now, even 55 years after the world's then most popular film star was acquitted in a case charging him with the murder of one Virginia Rappe. In 1975 a perfectly dreadful film, *The Wild Party*, capitalized on the half-century-old scandal by depicting an orgiastic bash at a Hollywood biggie's pad, at which party a starlet died; the ads for this bit of cinema trash coyly related it to the Arbuckle affair, thus revitalizing the elaborate series of lies that ruined a great man's majestic career. In a commendable exercise in historical revisionism —incredibly enough, the first serious attempt to set the record straight—British film writer David Yallop explores the virtually chaste career of Roscoe Arbuckle and shows, beyond a reasonable shadow of doubt, that the lovable fat man was entirely innocent of the charges leveled against him; entirely the victim of a Hearst- and vigilante-inspired campaign to discredit him; entirely ruined in 1921 despite his acquittal, when he was deserted by most of his friends and subjected to the absurd censorship machine of the new Hays office. Arbuckle's was another of those true rags-to-riches stories, a bloated Horatio Alger tale, and the joy this gentle, decent, simple (but brilliant) man gave the world made his contrived fall the more unjust. "Fatty," ashamed of his unlovely physique, shied from physical intimacy with women; even his wives commented later, as then, upon his modesty. He was no more a rapist and murderer than was the victim a newborn innocent. Stony-faced women who haunted the courts, clamoring for blood, more blood, condemned him before the jury had heard a word of evidence; and the timidity and hypocrisy of his own Hollywood confrères —with the notable exception of a few stalwarts, like Buster Keaton—left him to be destroyed by an enraged nation, which had been his adoring audience of tens of millions. A horrifying story, perhaps just a bit too energetically told; a "filthy, revolting affair," as one contemporary called the party at which Virginia Rappe died—mistakenly, for the description far better fit the witch-hunt itself.

DAVID BRUDNOY

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[HENRY] HAZLITT:

In the Right Direction.

The kind of interest that many Americans . . . take in politics is more akin to the interest in a horse race or a prize fight than to the interest in government as a difficult problem, a business, a profession, or an art.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) James P. McFadden.

LYNCH

(Continued from page 1172)

Very soon, therefore, the episcopate must confront the issues of right belief and right conduct. This will require well-considered, responsible, and firm actions. Such actions will have consequences, conceivably including a measurable shrinkage in the number of "Roman Catholics" on census rolls. If the thought of this gives the bishops pause, they should re-read John 6.

"Many of the disciples" tell Christ He has uttered "a hard saying. Who can listen to it?" When Christ refuses to water down His teaching, "many" leave Him. Acknowledging their unbelief, He does not encourage them to be sociological disciples. He vindicates His authority and credibility.

Effective moves against cheap grace and heterodox teaching—whatever the results—will be essential steps toward re-establishing the episcopate's credibility and authority. And the Church's. This cannot happen too soon. □

WHITAKER

(Continued from page 1182)

honest, for he made his ignorance the cornerstone of his campaign. To see the forces militating against tax reform, one must be in Washington. Carter cannot recognize the forces that intimidated Truman and Johnson because he has not seen them at work. This fact would be easy to sell to populists not least because it is true.

Tax shelters and deductions make possible the great liberal foundations; they are the source of private money to universities, and the source of funds for "social-progress" activism. Tax-deductible money is the source of almost all the nongovernment money that pays for the education–welfare complex on which liberalism is based and for which it works. Tax deductions and shelters, like the foundations, are also the means by which the business establishment so essential to professional Washington Republicanism is protected from taxation by its Washington operatives. Neither party will allow this most blatant expression of the twin Establishments in action to be dismantled.

In addition, the collection of a fifth of the national income from those not using or being paid by tax shelters—the middle class—is absolutely necessary to the powers that really rule in Washington. That money is necessary to pay for the military and for all the political power the armed forces and their contractors control. More important, that money supports directly that portion of the education–welfare establishment, the "human-betterment" industry, that is not supported by tax deductions. No liberal can allow the federal budget to do anything but grow. There will be no tax relief without a political revolt.

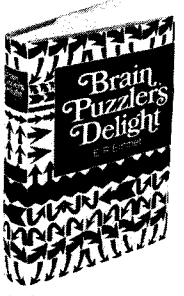
Empty Promises

Third, point out that Governor Carter is deceiving himself. Carter believes that he will lead America into a wholly new age. The book in which he truly believes says, "By their works you shall know them." His belief in his own claims shows that idealistic gullibility which is the birthright of an honest man fired by confidence. But his promises do not lie. He will cut the vast military budget, if he is successful, by a mere $5 billion, a paltry sum compared to the amount by which Japan, Germany, France, and Britain fail to carry their weight in defending the free world. Paltry, in fact, in any comparison with total military expenditures. His promised works are even more meager on more directly populist issues. He will deplore busing, but will ram it mercilessly down the throat of anyone Judge Garrity and his kind sic the federal power on. He will "reorganize." He will provide "new ideas."

It is no exaggerations to say that Carter is likely to tear Ford out of the frame in November unless there is a major, careful, and very unlikely change of tactics on the part of Republicans. It is no contradiction to speculate that, on most points, a moderately competent country lawyer would get Jimmy Carter laughed out of court. □

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Moynihan and Javits: The Pursuit of Principle

On The Right

New York, Oct. 4—Daniel Patrick Moynihan opened his campaign against Senator James L. Buckley of New York with an appeal to Republican "moderates." His "strategy"—to quote his aides as paraphrased by the *New York Times*—is "to pre-empt the middle of the political spectrum." Accordingly, Mr. Moynihan has gamboled about the state invoking the hallowed name of Dwight Eisenhower as a "mainstream Republican," to be distinguished from his opponent. "I would welcome Republicans who want to save the party from its extremes," Mr. Moynihan said.

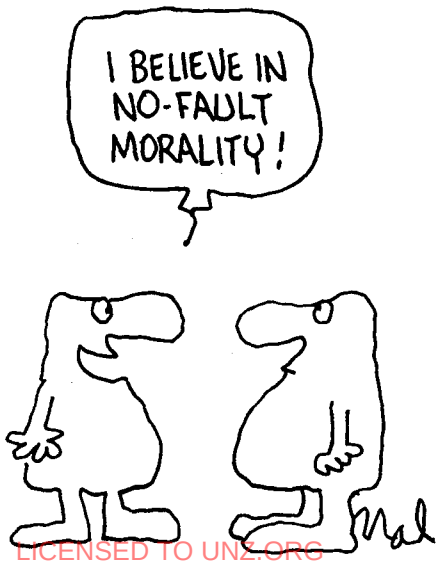
AND, WHAT do you know, the very next day Senator Jacob Javits, who is a Republican, announced that he would not campaign for Senator Buckley. Senator Javits, hoisting his conscience up high and competing with the rays of the midday sun, appeared with "face grim," his "voice stern" as a mortician's. He was there not to praise the sainted junior senator from New York, but to bury him. Senator Javits once referred to himself as the voice of the Republican Party, which, if it is true, perhaps suggests the difficulties the party has. His long-time resentment of his colleague is probably the most dogged devotion to any principle, not counting Israel, ever practiced by Senator Javits, who, six years ago, alone declined to vote to admit the freshly arrived senator as a member of the Republican caucus.

It was a wonderful week for politics in New York, the culmination of primary races watched carefully throughout the country. Mr. Moynihan was lecturing to New York State Republicans about the inappropriateness of Senator Buckley as their representative exactly two days after Senator Buckley, running against a moderate opponent in the primary, crushed his opponent by winning 70 per cent of the Republican vote. Who is the most popular Democrat in the United States? The polls inform us it is Senator Edward Kennedy. Well, on that very same day, Senator Kennedy, running in a primary contest against unknown opponents, got 70 per cent of the vote in Massachusetts. Perhaps Mr. Moynihan will intuit that Senator Kennedy is not a representative Democrat? I would welcome any such demonstration.

And then on the very same day Patrick Moynihan, engaged in a primary contest among Democrats, managed to get 36 per cent of the vote. Having gotten half as many of the Democrats who turned out to vote to designate *him* as their representative, he informs the Republicans, twice as many of whom voted for Buckley, that *their* candidate is unrepresentative of the party. Mr. Moynihan once wrote a book called *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*. He shows he has mastered the art.

And then when you take into account that Mr. Moynihan is a student of history, he manages to get terribly mixed up. He goes about the state saying that Senator Buckley should be a middle-of-the-roader, while denouncing Senator Buckley for refusing to worship at the altar of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—who didn't make his mark by being a middle-of-the-road Democrat, ask Arthur Schlesinger.

Well, Senator Buckley is not middle-of-the-road for the sake of occupying the middle of the road. It is this that has permitted him to represent the people of New York with freshness and originality. In this respect he is indeed not like Eisenhower. More like Lincoln, who warned us at Cooper Union not to be "diverted by . . . those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong." Poor Mr. Moynihan. Yesterday he was the freshest voice in town. Today he's the guy who pledged to back Bella Abzug if she were nominated. Win or lose, he should apply to Senator Buckley for lessons in independence. □



PRESIDENTS AND THE CHERRY TREE

New York, Oct. 12—The other day Mr. Hodding Carter III, publisher of the *Delta Democrat Times*, who is a *summa cum laude* graduate of Princeton University and also very bright, gave it as his reason for devoting his full-time energies to the election of Jimmy Carter that the country was "tired of being lied to" by its Presidents. Now those who believe in the further socialization of American life should go ahead and vote for Jimmy Carter. But someone, even if ungarlanded by a *summa cum laude*, should apply some cold compresses to the fevered brows of those burning idealists who believe that Executive Sin was invented by Nixon-Ford.

Asked about the lies of Mr. Ford, Hodding Carter gave two examples. When asked during his confirmation hearings as Vice President whether he would run for President, he said, No, he had no intent of doing so. And then when he was asked somewhere along the line whether he would pardon Richard Nixon, he said he didn't think that was appropriate. Well, said Mr. (Hodding) Carter triumphantly—we all know what happened then. Presumably when at Princeton the boys were told that Churchill once said, "Give us the tools and we'll do the job," Hodding and his classmates were introduced to moral squalor.

In his stump speech, Jimmy Carter reverts ceaselessly to the line that he will never lie to the American people. He appears to have convinced some of his disciples that this is literally true. If one were absolutely certain that it was, that would be sufficient reason for

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voting against Mr. Carter. Because the American people—every people—needs to be "lied" to every now and then, in the sense that Ford "lied" when he said at first he would not grant pardon, then changed his mind. Knute Rockne lied to his team as all coaches must; even as FDR lied when he said we had nothing to fear but fear itself, when in fact what we had to fear was things like hunger, unemployment, mortgage collectors, Nazis, Communists, and FDR. Professor Hayek has said that the canard that one cannot turn the clock back is the equivalent of saying that one cannot learn from experience. Experience should be an important teacher, and no one knows this better than Jimmy Carter. His experience as a governor of Georgia who sought popularity with his constituency led him to advocate right-to-work laws. His experience as a presidential candidate led him to oppose right-to-work laws. Is he for that reason a liar? Or, as Carter said of Lyndon Johnson, "a liar and a cheat"?

When the political moralists really want to frighten us these days they dangle the figure of Richard Nixon before our memory. I have resolved from this day on to resist this. My quarrels with Mr. Nixon are not those of the majority —he gave us price controls, and an ambivalent policy in Indochina, and detente with the Soviet Union, and the apotheosis of Mao Tse-tung—that's what I mostly hold against him. Yet these are the measures that brought a detente, however temporary, in his relations with American liberals. The Nixon *they* refer to is exclusively the Nixon of Watergate, the man who conspired to cover up. Well, he did it, he was caught, and he was ousted: so that's that. Chicken thieves should not sit in the Oval Office.

But to suggest that Nixon stands alone in covering up illegalities is to advertise a kind of national parochialism inappropriate to a *summa cum laude* from Princeton, or for that matter, from San Quentin U. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, during 1940 and 1941, got up in the morning, brushed his teeth, and began a day's lying until, weary, he fell off to sleep at night. The best-seller *A Man Called Intrepid* is substantially an account of the dissimulations and illegal and unconstitutional activity of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, by an ardent admirer who chronicles the critical aid extended by Roosevelt to the Allies before Pearl Harbor. Though I regret the duplicity, I am glad FDR did it. And I doubt that the Carters, either Jimmy or Hodding, will denounce his memory for it. After all, Roosevelt—though he was always talking to Robert Sherwood and other intimates about the possibility of his impeachment in the event he was caught out—won: he got the United States into war. As they say, history is the polemic of the victor.

Are we saying that there is a place for lying in office? That is an awkward formulation. What we are saying is that Presidents *will "lie."* They will change their minds. They will dissimulate. They will smile when there is odium in their hearts, and scowl when they feel serene. They will denounce lying while lying, and preach about chastity when they are sinning with their eyes. On this front there is no relief in sight. □

ABORTION AS A CAMPAIGN ISSUE

New York, Oct 8—In the space of a week, from two august sources, we were all advised to stop asking the presidential candidates how they feel about abortion. Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick was one, and there is no one around whose advice, as a general rule, I'd sooner take even blindfolded. The other is the editorial board of the *New York Times*, a huge magnetic field useful primarily for orienting your compass to the wrong direction. The convergence of the two requires one to examine the proposition.

It is this. Abortion (they tell us) is fundamentally a religious issue—most conspicuously, a Catholic issue. It is a violation of the traditional separation of church and state to impose upon members of other religious sects the views of any one religious sect. Moreover, there are simply too many issues around—population, energy, crime, foreign policy, unemployment, taxation, inflation—to warrant the superordination of abortion over all others. Under the circumstances, in addition to its being a violation of the protocols of church-state, it is something approaching fanaticism to go about asking candidates how they feel about abortion, and then deciding, on the basis of their answer to that one question alone, how you are going to vote. To do this is to be maimed by what the frogs call a *fausse idée claire*.

Now this analysis appears to be plausible, but it breaks down under scrutiny.

Let us concede that abortion as a single issue can be taken to ludicrous lengths. During the Thirties and Forties, there was a doctor-professor in New Haven who would join *any* organization that favored socialized medicine. He asked only that one question, no other: and by that mechanism, he managed to end up belonging to something like 45 Communist fronts—for the simple reason that among the demands of the Communists is the socialization of everything, including medicine. By the same token, the anti-abortionist who asks only what a candidate's position is on abortion could conceivably end by supporting on election day a pacifist, or a Nazi, or God help us, a prohibitionist.

But allowing for the intelligent avoidance of silly reductionism, what question is more important than whether the fetus is human? A great moral insight is a great moral insight irrespective of its provenance. It is true that the anti-abortion movement is perceived as a substantially Catholic movement, but it is by no means nourished by exclusively Catholic theology. Jews and Protestants in significant numbers are opposed to abortion for religious reasons. Anyway, religion nowhere tells them thou shalt not kill a fetus; religion tells them simply thou shalt not kill a human being. It is scientific, not religious, evidence that leads them to believe, as so many doctors and scientists are coming to believe, that a fetus is in every crucial respect except one a human being, entitled, therefore, to be treated as one would a day-old baby.

A little over a hundred years ago, the abolitionists began to move in on the political parties. For them, too, there were great problems confronting our adolescent society. But the greatest of these was the need to answer the question whether a man born black is nevertheless a man. It is difficult to persuade ourselves, one century later, that these men were parochial, or morally misguided. John Brown gave abolition a bad name, as some Americans by unconstructive behavior have given anti-abortion a bad name. But the issue is a genuine issue, and it takes only a little thought to recognize that it is preeminently the greatest of all issues. Because if it is true that the fetus is human—if one hundred years from now Americans will look back in horror at our abortion clinics, even as we look back now in horror at the slave markets in Charleston, S.C.—then to destroy him as insouciantly as we would, say, squirt a blast of insecticide at a mosquito or order another drink, is appalling. Those who believe that the fetus is human, like those who believed the Negro was human, cannot do less than seek to share their insight with others, and to demand that their politicians accept corporate responsibility for the protection of human life. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A ruler who might get a frosty reception if the mud were stirred — 5 20 158 176

B. A planned capital — 9 197 2 33 21 29 181 148

C. One baseball star had *this to mar 'is record* — 13 185 93 219 3 34 207 191

D. New York City's former name — 22 10 178 206 218 32 44 15 119 28 / 54 81

E. One could almost state that this means ruddy — 117 53 193 24 139 41

F. Town near Alberta's capital — 124 69 210 144 56 204 51 192 116

G. Author of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* — 169 134 4 104 126 208 211 163 140

H. These are Tibetan, not Peruvian — 189 25 35 127 120

I. The world's oldest city — 130 38 67 74 83 18 47 58

J. The only friend Sherlock Holmes made while in college — 194 187 212 75 80 200

K. A stew of meat and vegetables — 73 199 84 151 95 141 72 107 170 195

L. An Old World capital city — 82 138 36 101 168 7 213 161 108

M. A subdued color — 103 155 129 76 11 214 142 159 96

N. What few schools are nowadays — 128 136 111 91 215 37

O. Where a wedding might take place — 45 68 71 79 85 92 6 23 26 43 / 55 94

P. A *mixed-up* state and a note of the scale make a puzzle — 209 182 27 175 97 150

Q. Provided with lodgings. — 31 65 125 131 172 201 203 61 113 145 / 46 156

R. What a successful candidate must be — 123 19 39 64 105 109 112 152 173 14

S. The epistome of a bryozoan — 50 88 132 135 149 154 179 186 190 202

T. What Homer sometimes did — 60 137 102 183 40 164

U. Island group off coast of Norway — 143 157 198 171 87 106 220

V. One of our national *parks* — 188 177 12 89 205 216 98 121

W. A planned capital; sounds like someone wants to "Fire Yogi!" — 52 174 217 16 196 90 122 166

X. You can do this on the stage but not in a bank — 110 8 48 57 63 167 66 78 86 42 / 100 118 133

Y. A *capital city* — 115 17 70 184 147 153 160 59 1 49 / 62

Z. A mikado — 30 99 114 180 77 165 146 221 162

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1196 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 Y	2 B	3 C	4 G	5 A		6 O	7 L	8 X	9 B	10 D	11 M	12 V		13 C	14 R	15 D	
16 W	17 Y	18 I	19 R	20 A	21 B	22 D	23 O		24 E	25 H	26 O	27 P	28 D	29 B	30 Z		31 Q	32 D
33 B	34 C	35 H	36 L	37 N	38 I	39 R	40 T	41 E		42 X	43 O		44 D	45 O	46 Q		47 I	48 X
49 Y	50 S	51 F		52 W	53 E	54 D	55 O	56 F	57 X	58 I		59 Y	60 T	61 Q		62 Y	63 X	64 R
	65 Q	66 X	67 I	68 O	69 F	70 Y		71 O	72 K		73 K	74 I	75 J	76 M		77 Z	78 X	79 O
80 J	81 D	82 L	83 I		84 K	85 O	86 X	87 U		88 S	89 V	90 W	91 N	92 O	93 C		94 O	95 K
96 M	97 P		98 V	99 Z		100X	101L	102T	103M	104G	105R	106U		107K	108L	109R	110X	111N
	112R	113Q	114Z	115Y	116F		117E	118X	119D		120H	121V	122W	123R	124F	125Q	126G	
127H	128N	129M		130I	131Q	132S	133X	134G		135S	136N	137T	138L		139E	140G		141K
142M	143U	144F	145Q	146Z	147Y	148B	149S		150P	151K	152R	153Y	154S	155M		156Q	157U	158A
159M	160Y		161L	162Z	163G	164T		165Z	166W	167X		168L	169G	170K	171U	172Q	173R	
174W		175P	176A	177V	178D	179S	180Z		181B	182P	183T	184Y	185C	186S	187J	188V		189H
190S	191C	192F		193E	194J	195K	196W	197B		198U	199K	200J	201Q	202S		203Q	204F	
205V	206D	207C	208G		209P	210F	211G	212J	213L	214M	215N	216V	217W	218D	219C	220U	221Z	

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